A COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS,

Extracted from

Various AUTHORS,

For the USE of the

CHILDREN OF GOD.

THE SECOND EDITION.

BY THE REV. MR. THWAITE.

Speaking to yourſelves in Pſalms, and Hymns, and ſpiritual Songs; ſinging to God, and making Melody in your Hearts. EPH. v. 19.

Glory to God in the higheſt, and on Earth Peace, good will towards Men. LUKE ii. 14.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

"SING ye praiſes with the underſtanding," Pſ. xlvii. 7. but as there are in many books hard words and abſtruſe phraſes, theſe are chiefly avoided, and made more ſuitable to the capacities of all.

Again, It muſt be allowed there are matters of private judgment and opinion, concerning which it is better to think and let think, than diſpute; theſe ſhould not appear in any book deſigned only for ſocial worſhip: Neither can any plan, either for this or any part of divine worſhip, be right, that is not laid upon the right foundation; for all the praiſe that ſhall aſcend to our God now and for ever, muſt be offered through Jeſus Chriſt the righteous.

I have herein endeavoured to ſelect ſuch hymns as may be moſt uſeful for

edification to every capacity, in plainneſs and ſimplicity. My principal aim in publiſhing this Collection of Hymns was to collect into one volume all the hymns for the feaſt and faſt, for the ſacrament of the Lord's-ſupper, and thoſe for funerals, as well as thoſe for public worſhip in general, that the people might not be at a loſs, but have in their books whatever may be ſung on any particular occaſion.

In theſe hymns there is nothing aſcribed to works, either before or after juſtification; but the whole of our ſalvation is aſcribed to the blood, death, and merits of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, by God imputed to us when we believe, and through the eternal Spirit implanted in our hearts; the bleſſed effect of which is peace and righteouſneſs in our lives; the further effect of the operation of the Spirit is, it ſanctifies our nature wholly in body, ſoul and ſpirit, and thereby makes us meet for the inheritance of the ſaints in light.

The mere formaliſt, whether Churchman or Diſſenter, what profeſſion ſoever he may make, will not have much taſte for theſe ſongs of Sion, for they mention:

No outward form can keep us clean,
The leproſy lies deep within.

As due care is taken to make theſe hymns as ſcriptural as poſſible, ſo, Reader, thou wilt, by God's grace, find the power and comfort of religion in thy own ſoul; that Jeſus the great high-prieſt and apoſtle of our profeſſion is the great ſubject of every ſong, as he doubtleſs is of the whole revelation of God; he is "the way, "the truth, and the life; none can "come to the Father but by him," John xiv. 6. "Chriſt is all in all," Gal. iii. 11. "He is the Alpha and "Omega, the firſt and the laſt, the "beginning and the end," Rev. i. 8. and ch. xxi. 6. He therefore is the unity of the eternal Godhead, together with the Father and the Holy Spirit.

Three divine Perſons in one ſelf-exiſtent Jehovah, is the God of the Chriſtians. To this glorious Lord God of heaven and earth, may we be enabled to ſing his praiſes with the Spirit, and with the underſtanding. Oh may theſe maintain a happy concord with the word and will of Jeſus Chriſt, until we meet before the throne of God and the Lamb, and, with an innumerable company of angels and ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, ſhew forth the never-ending praiſes of him that was dead and is alive again, and hath redeemed us unto God by his blood. So be it, Lord Jeſus, Amen and Amen.

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS, &c.

HYMN I.

Wreſtling Jacob.

1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom ſtill I hold, but cannot ſee;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to ſtay,
And wreſtle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My miſery and ſin declare:
Thyſelf hath call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there.
But who, I aſk thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou ſtruggleſt to get free,
I never will unlooſe my hold;
Art thou the Man that dy'd for me?
The ſecret of thy love unfold;
Wreſting, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name?
Tell me, I ſtill beſeech thee, tell;
To know it now reſolv'd I am:
Wreſtling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;
Tho' ev'ry ſinew were unſtrung,
Out of my arms thou ſhould'ſt not fly:
Wreſtling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

6 What tho' my ſhrinking fleſh complain,
And murmur to contend ſo long,
I riſe ſuperior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am ſtrong:
And when my all of ſtrength doth fail,
I ſhall with the God-man prevail.

7 My ſtrength is gone, my nature dies,
I ſink beneath thy weighty hand,
Faint to revive, and fall to riſe,
I fall, and yet by faith I ſtand;
I ſtand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

II.

I am determined, not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride.
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ the Lamb of God was slain,
He tasted death for me;
Me to save from endless woe
The all-atoning victim dy'd.
Only Jesus, &c.

3 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore:
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more:
Rivers of salvation flow
From out his head, his hand, his side.
Only Jesus, &c.

4 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart

From the heaven of thy breaſt
Shall never more depart;
Whither ſhall a ſinner go?
His wounds for me ſtand open wide,
Only Jeſus, &c.

5 What tho' all I am is ſin,
Sin cannot break my peace;
Here is blood to waſh me clean
From all unrighteouſneſs;
This ſhall make me white as ſnow,
On this for all things I confide.
Only Jeſus, &c.

6 What tho' earth and hell engage
To ſhake my ſoul with fear,
Calmly I defy the rage
Of perſecution near;
Suff'ring faith ſhall brighter glow,
As gold when in the furnace try'd.
Only Jeſus, &c.

7 Him to know is life, and peace,
And pleaſure without end.
This is all my happineſs
On Jeſus to depend,
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide.
On Jeſus, &c.

8 Him in all my works I ſeek,
Who hung upon the tree;
Only of his love I ſpeak,
Who freely dy'd for me:

While

While I ſojourn here below,
Of nothing will I think beſide;
Only Jeſus will I know,
And Jeſus crucify'd.

III.

Come unto me—learn of me. Matt. xi.

1 LOvely Lamb, I come to thee,
Thou haſt oft invited me;
Surely now I would be bleſt,
Give me now the promis'd reſt.

2 All my bus'neſs and concern
Is of thee, my Lamb, to learn;
Shew me thy firſt leſſon, ſhew,
Now, alas! I nothing know.

3 Gentle thou and meek in heart,
All humility thou art:
Full of wrath and pride I am,
How unlike my lovely Lamb!

4 But thou canſt my ſoul transform,
Humble an aſpiring Worm;
My unbroken ſpirit break,
Make the angry leopard meek.

5 Thou art greater than my heart,
Thou canſt make me as thou art;
Sink the proud, and tame the wild,
Change me to a little child.

6 Turn me, Lord, and turn me now,
To thy yoke my ſpirit bow;
Grant me now the pearl to find
Of a meek and quiet mind.

7 Calm, O calm my troubled breaſt,
Let me gain that ſecond reſt;
From my works for ever ceaſe,
Perfected in holineſs.

8 Soon or later then remove,
Take me to thy reſt above;
All's alike to me, ſo I
In my Lord may live and die.

IV.

The ſame.

1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, ſo let us be.

2 Jeſu, ſee my panting breaſt;
See! I pant in thee to reſt;
Gladly would I now be clean,
Cleanſe me now from ev'ry ſin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind,
To thy croſs my ſpirit bind.
Earthly paſſions far remove,
Swallow up my ſoul in love.

4 Duſt and aſhes tho' we be,
Full of guilt and miſery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchaſe of thy blood.

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He th' atonement now receives,
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.

6 See, ye ſinners, ſee the flame
Riſing from the ſlaughter'd Lamb;
Mark the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

7 Jeſu, when this light we ſee,
All our ſouls do thirſt for thee;
When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,
All our hearts diſſolve in love.

8 Boundleſs wiſdom, pow'r divine,
Love unſpeakable is thine!
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hoſts of heav'n!

V.

Redemption found.

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my ſoul's anchor may remain,
The wounded Jeſus for my ſin
Before the world's foundation ſlain;

Whoſe

Whoſe mercy ſhall unſhaken ſtay
When heav'n and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thy everlaſting grace
Our ſcanty thoughts ſurpaſſes far;
Thy heart ſtill melts with tenderneſs,
Thy arms of love ſtill open are,
Returning ſinners to receive,
That mercy they may taſte, and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomleſs abyſs!
My ſins are ſwallow'd up in thee,
Cover'd is my unrighteouſneſs,
Thy Holy Spirit makes me free;
While Jeſu's blood thro' earth and ſkies
Mercy, ſtee, boundleſs mercy cries!

4 With faith I plunge me in this ſea;
Here is my joy, my hope, my reſt!
Hither, when hell aſſails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breaſt;
Away, ſad doubt, and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Tho' waves and ſtorms go o'er my head,
Tho' ſtrength, and health, and friends are gone,
Tho' joys are withered all and dead,
Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn,
Stedfaſt on this my ſoul relies:
Father, thy mercy never dies.

6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Tho' my heart fail and fleſh decay,

This

This anchor ſhall my ſoul ſuſtain
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full pow'r I then ſhall prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting love.

VI.

The ſame.

1 THE kingdom of our Chriſt is come,
His pow'r and ſtrength is known,
Th' accuſer hears his righteous doom,
Our Saviour caſts him down.

2 The war is over, Jeſus reigns,
Let heav'n their Lord adore;
The ſerpent groans in heavy chains,
Caſt down to riſe no more.

3 Rejoice, ye brethren, ſons of God!
Salvation now is come,
The merit of Immanuel's blood
Strikes the accuſer dumb.

4 Exalt his everlaſting name,
And worthy bleſſings pay,
Aloud in all the earth proclaim,
He takes our ſins away!

5 In his redemption there is room
For you, ye ſons of men;
Believe in Chriſt, and overcome,
And with your Saviour reign.

VII.

And they confeſſed that they were ſtrangers and pilgrims on earth. Heb. xi. 23.

1 COME all, who-e'er have ſet
Your faces Zion-ward,
In Jeſus let us meet
And praiſe our common Lord:
In Jeſus let us ſtill walk on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer and nearer ſtill
We to our country come;
To that celeſtial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The new Jeruſalem above,
The ſeat of everlaſting love.

3 As ranſom'd ſons of God,
All earthly things we ſcorn,
And to our high abode,
With ſongs of praiſe, return;
From ſtrength to ſtrength we ſtill proceed,
With crowns of joy upon our head.

4 The peace and joy of faith
We ev'ry moment feel,
Redeem'd from ſin, and wrath,
And death, and earth, and hell;
We to our Father's houſe repair
To meet our elder Brother there.

5 Our

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all is he;
And in his steps who tread
They soon his face shall see,
Shall see him with their glorious friends,
And then in heav'n their journey ends.

VIII.

The same.

1 COME let us anew
Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our glorious place in the skies:
Of heav'nly birth,
Tho' wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call
We give up our all,
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below:
No longing we find
For the country behind,
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.

3 A country of joy,
Without any alloy;
We thither repair,
Our heart and our treasure already are there.

We march hand in hand
T' Immanuel's land,
No matter what chear
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

4 The rougher our way,
The ſhorter our ſtay,
The troubles that come
Shall come to our reſcue, and haſten us home.
The fiercer the blaſt,
The ſooner 'tis paſt;
The tempeſts that riſe
Shall glorioufly hurry our ſouls to the ſkies.

IX.

Believing.

1 MY God, I am thine,
What a comfort divine!
What a bleſſing to know that my Jeſus is mine!
In the heav'nly Lamb
Thrice happy I am,
My heart it doth dance at the ſound of thy name.

2 True pleaſures abound
In th' rapturous ſound,
And whoever has known it has paradiſe found.

My Jeſus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlaſting, 'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haſte
To th' heavenly feaſt,
That, that is the fulneſs, but this is the taſte:
And this I ſhall prove
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heaven of Jeſus's love.

X.

The ſame.

1 O Jeſus, my Reſt!
How unſpeakably bleſt
Is th' ſinner that comes to be hid in thy breaſt!
I come at thy call;
At thy feet do I fall,
And b'lieve and confeſs thee, my God and my All!

2 Thou'rt Mary's good Part,
The Thing Needful thou art,
Th' deſire of my eyes and the joy of my heart:
My comfort and ſtay,
My life and my way,
My crown of rejoicing in that happy day.

3 Health, pardon, and peace,
In thee I poſſeſs,
I can have nothing more, I'll have nothing leſs.

I ſtand in thy might,
I walk in thy light,
And all heav'n I claim in thy God-giving right.

XI.

On the Day of Judgment.

1 YE virgin-ſouls, ariſe,
With all the dead awake,
Unto ſalvation wiſe,
Oil in your veſſels take,
Upſtarting at the midnight-cry,
Behold the heav'nly Bridegroom nigh!

2 He comes, he comes to call
The nations to his bar,
And raiſe to glory all
Who fit for glory are;
Make ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord:

3 Go meet him in the ſky,
Your everlaſting Friend!
Your head to glorify,
With all his ſaints, aſcend;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To ſee without a veil his face.

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit liv'd
Obedient to his love;

Jeſus

Jeſus ſhall claim you for his bride,
Rejoice with all the ſanctify'd.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When all ſhall be caught up
And ſtand before his throne,
Call'd to partake the marriage feaſt,
And lean on our Immanuel's breaſt.

6 The everlaſting doors
Shall ſoon the ſaints receive
Above thoſe angel-pow'rs,
In glorious joy to live,
Far from a world of grief and ſin,
With God eternally ſhut in.

7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome ſound,
To ſee our glorious Lord appear;
Watching let us be found,
When Jeſus doth the heavens bow,
Be found as, Lord, thou find'ſt us now.

XII.

And a man ſhall be as an biding-place. Iſa. 32. 2.

1 TO the haven of thy breaſt,
O Son of man, I fly:
Be my refuge and my reſt,
For oh! the ſtorm is nigh:

Save me from the furious blaſt,
A covert from the tempeſt be;
Hide me, Jeſu, till o'erpaſt
The ſtorm of ſin I ſee.

2 Welcome, as a water-ſpring
To a dry barren place;
O deſcend on me, and bring
Thy ſweet refreſhing grace:
O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends its ſhade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,
And ſcreen my naked head.

3 Firſt and laſt in me perform
The work thou haſt begun;
Be my ſhelter from the ſtorm,
My ſhadow from the ſun:
Sprinkle ſtill the mercy-ſeat,
And bring thy Father's anger down;
Screen me, Jeſu, from the heat
And terror of his frown.

4 Let thy merit as a cloud,
Still interpoſe between,
Plead th' atonement of thy blood,
Till I am cleans'd from ſin:
Weary, parch'd with thirſt, and faint,
Till thou th' abiding Spirit breathe;
Ev'ry moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.

XIII.

Make me a clean heart, O God. Pſalm li. 10.

1 O For an heart to praiſe my God,
An heart from ſin ſet free,
An heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely ſpilt for me!

2 An heart reſign'd, ſubmiſſive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Chriſt is heard to ſpeak,
Where Jeſus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 Thy tender heart is ſtill the ſame,
And melts at human woe;
Jeſu, for thee diſtreſt I am,
I want thy love to know.

5 My heart, thou know'ſt, can never reſt
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden repoſſeſt
From ſelf and ſin I ceaſe.

6 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Beſtow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white ſtone.

7 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

XIV.

I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also. 1 Cor. xiv. 25.

1 O For a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,
And sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood aton'd for me.

5 He speaks, and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
Desiring souls believe.

6 Look

6 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be sav'd thro' faith alone,
Be justify'd by grace.

XV.

The same.

1 REjoice evermore,
With angels above,
In Jesus's pow'r,
In Jesus's love:
With glad exultation
Your triumph proclaim,
Ascribing salvation
To God and the Lamb!

2 Thou, Lord, our relief
In trouble hast been,
Hast sav'd us from grief,
Hast sav'd us from sin:
The pow'r of thy Spirit
Hath set our hearts free;
And now we inherit
All fulness in thee.

3 All fulness of peace,
All fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss,
That never shall cloy,

To us it is given
In Jesus to know,
A kingdom of heaven,
A heaven below.

4 No longer we join
While sinners invite.
Or envy the swine
Their brutish delight;
Their joy is all sadness,
Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness,
Their pleasure is pain.

5 O may they, at last,
With sorrow return,
The pleasure to taste,
For which they were born:
Our Jesus receiving,
Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing,
The heaven of love!

XVI.

For Stedfastness.

1 LORD Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall turn from thee?
When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?

2 Here

2 Here I repent, and ſin again,
Now I revive, and now am ſlain,
Slain with the ſame unhappy dart,
Which, oh! too often wounds my heart.

3 O Saviour, when, when ſhall I be
A garden ſeal'd to all but thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live and grow to thee alone?

4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my courſe,
And draw me on with thy ſweet force;
Still make me walk, ſtill make me tend,
By thee my way, to thee my end.

XVII.

In Temptation.

1 JESU, God of my ſalvation,
Send the promis'd help I claim,
Bring me thro' in fore temptation,
Manifeſt thy ſaving name.
Art thou not the ſame for ever?
Do not I on thee depend?
O continue to deliver,
Save me, ſave me to the end.

2 From thy feeble, helpleſs creature
Never, never, Lord, depart;
Shew thyſelf than Satan greater,
Greater than my evil heart.

If the fiend muſt vex me longer,
Buffet ſtill my trembling ſoul,
Jeſus, ſhew thyſelf the ſtronger,
Keep me till thou mak'ſt me whole.

3 Let me, while my faith is trying,
Reſt in thy atoning blood,
Always bear about the dying
Of the dear Redeeming God.
Till I all thy life inherit
Let me in thy wounds abide,
Shelter there my weary ſpirit,
Save me, who for me haſt dy'd.

XVIII.

Looking unto Jeſus.

1 LAMB of God, for ſinners ſlain,
To thee I humbly pray,
Heal me of my grief and pain,
And take my ſins away:
From this bondage, Lord, releaſe,
No longer let me be oppreſt;
Jeſus Maſter, ſeal my peace,
And take me to thy breaſt.

2 Haſt thou not invited all
Who grone beneath their ſin?
Weary I obey the call,
And come to be made clean.

Give my burden'd conſcience eaſe,
O grant me now the promis'd reſt;
Jeſus Maſtər, &c.

3 Wilt thou caſt a ſinner out
Who humbly comes to thee?
No; my God, I cannot doubt
Thy mercy is for me;
Let me then obtain the grace,
And be of paradiſe poſſeſt;
Jeſus Maſter, &c.

4 Worldly good I do not want,
Be that to others giv'n,
Only for thy love I pant,
My All in earth or heav'n;
This the crown I fain would ſeize,
The Good wherewith I would be bleſt;
Jeſus Maſter, &c.

5 This delight I fain would prove,
And then reſign my breath,
Join the happy few, whoſe love
Was mightier than death:
Let it not my Lord diſpleaſe,
That I would die to be thy gueſt;
Jeſus Maſter, ſeal my peace,
And take me to thy breaſt.

XIX.

Chriſt's Compaſſion to the Tempted.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Prieſt above:
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame,
He knows what ſore temptation means,
For he has felt the ſame.

3 But ſpotleſs innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer ſtood,
While Satan's fi'ry darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble fleſh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

5 He'll never quench the ſmoking flax,
But raiſe it ro a flame;
The bruiſed reed he'll never break,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

6 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r:
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

XX.

Chriſt worſhipped by all the Creation.

1 COME let us join our chearful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus!
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us!

3 Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine,
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

XXI.

Love to God.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inſpires the breaſt:
Love is the brighteſt of the train,
Aud ſtrengthens all the reſt.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our ſtubborn ſins will fight and reign,
If love be abſent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet
In ſwift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and ſings
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings
In the ſweet realms of bliſs.

5 Before we quite forſake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To ſee our ſmiling God.

XXII.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove!
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of ſacred love
In theſe cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe trifling toys:
Our ſouls can neither fly nor glow
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal ſongs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſanna's languiſh on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and ſhall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee,
And thine to us ſo great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove!
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come ſhed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

XXIII.

God's Preſence is Light in Darkneſs.

1 MY God, the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkeſt ſhades when he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my ſoul's ſweet Morning-ſtar,
And he my riſing Sun!

3 The opening heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
While Jeſus ſhews his heart is mine,
And whiſpers, I am his.

4 My ſoul would leave this heavy clay
At that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way
T' embrace my deareſt Lord.

5 Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe,
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqu'ror thro'.

XXIV.

Frail Life and ſucceeding Eternity.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell
Leaves but the number leſs.

3 The year rolls round and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave:
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground
To puſh us to the tomb,
And fierce diſeaſes wait around
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good

5 Good God, on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things!
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

6 Infinite joy or endleſs woe
Attends on ev'ry breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

XXV.

On Pſalm cxlviii.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wiſdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To ſpeak his worth,
Too mean to ſet
My Saviour forth.

2 But O what gentle terms,
What condeſcending ways,
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his heav'nly grace!

Mine eyes, with joy
And wonder, ſee,
What form of love
He bears to me.

3 Great Prophet of my God!
My tongue would bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came;
The joyful news
Of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.

4 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cauſe,
He anſwers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws;
Behold my ſoul
At freedom ſet;
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.

XXVI.

The ſame.

1 JESUS, my great High-Prieſt,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd!
My guilty conſcience ſeeks
No ſacrifice beſide:

His

His pow'rful blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the throne.

2 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high,
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by:
Not all that hell
Or ſin can ſay
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.

3 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror and my King!
Thy ſceptre and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace I ſing:
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold, I ſit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.

4 Should all the hoſts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their moſt dreadful form
Of rage and miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe;
For Chriſt diſplays
Superior pow'r
And guardian grace.

XXVII.

Desiring to love Christ above all things.

1 O Love divine! how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die, to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger is love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable!
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In each poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at my Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that, with humble Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulneſs to prove:
Thou know'ſt, for all to thee is known,
Thou know'ſt, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'ſt that thee I love.

6 O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breaſt!
From care, and ſin, and ſorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlaſting reſt.

XXVIII.

Longing for the Houſe of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above!
How pleaſant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aſpires,
With warm deſires,
To ſee my God.

2 O happy ſouls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their conſtant ſervice there!

They

They praiſe thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill.

3 They go from ſtrength to ſtrength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious ſeat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

4 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good with-holds
From thoſe his heart approves,
From pure and pious ſouls.
Thrice happy he,
O God of hoſts!
Whoſe ſpirit truſts
Alone in thee!

XXIX.

Following Chriſt.

1 JESUS my all to heav'n is gone,
He that I plac'd my hopes upon;
His track I ſee; and I'll purſue
The narrow way, till him I view:

2 The

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from baniſhment,
The king's high-way of holineſs,
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

3 No ſtranger may proceed therein,
No lover of the world and ſin,
No lion, no devouring care,
No rav'nous tyger ſhall be there.

4 Lo! glad I come, and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but ſin I thee can give,
Help me, and to thy praiſe I'll live.

5 I'll tell to all poor ſinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And ſay, Behold the way to God!

XXX.

Deſiring to love.

1 O Love! I languiſh at thy ſtay,
I pine for thee with ling'ring ſmart,
Weary and faint thro' long delay;
When wilt thou come into my heart,
From ſin and ſorrow ſet me free,
And ſwallow up my ſoul in thee?

2 Come, O thou univerſal Good!
Balm of the wounded conſcience! come;

The

The hungry dying ſpirit's Food!
The weary wand'ring pilgrim's Home!
Haven, to take the ſhip-wreck'd in!
My everlaſting Reſt from ſin!

3 Come, O my Comfort and Delight!
My Strength and Health, my Shield and Sun!
My Boaſt, and Confidence, and Might!
My Joy, my Glory, and my Crown!
My Goſpel-Hope, my calling's Prize!
My Tree of life, my Paradiſe!

4 The Secret of the Lord thou art,
The Myſtery ſo long unknown,
Chriſt in a meek and humble heart,
The Name inſcrib'd on the white ſtone,
The Life divine, the little Leav'n,
My precious Pearl, my preſent Heav'n!

XXXI.

Thankfulneſs to Jeſus Chriſt.

1 O What ſhall I do
My Saviour to praiſe!
So faithful and true,
So plenteous in grace,
So ſtrong to deliver,
So good to redeem
The weakeſt believer
That hangs upon him.

2 How happy the man
Whoſe heart is ſet free,
The people that can
Be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in
The light of thy face;
And ſtill they are talking
Of Jeſus's grace.

3 Their daily delight
Shall be in thy Name;
They ſhall, as their right,
Thy righteouſneſs claim:
Thy righteouſneſs wearing,
And, cleans'd by thy blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in
The preſence of God.

4 For Jeſus, my Lord,
Is now my defence;
I truſt in his word,
None plucks me from thence:
Since I have found favour,
He all things will do;
My King and my Saviour
Shall make me anew.

5 Yes, Lord, I ſhall ſee
The bliſs of thine own;
Thy ſecret to me
Shall ſoon be made known:
For ſorrow and ſadneſs
I joy ſhall receive,
And ſhare in the gladneſs
Of all that believe.

XXXII.

1 WHY ſhould the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great comforter! deſcend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Doſt thou not dwell in all the ſaints,
And ſeal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou baniſh my complaints,
And ſhew my ſins forgiv'n?

3 Aſſure my conſcience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witneſs with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earneſt of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy ſoft wings, celeſtial Dove!
Will ſafe convey me home.

XXXIII.

On the Crucifixion.

1 BEhold the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the ſhameful tree!
How vaſt the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature ſhakes,
And earth's ſtrong pillars bend;
The temple's vail in ſunder breaks,
The ſolid marbles rend.

3 "'Tis done!" the precious ranſom's paid!
"Receive my ſoul!" he cries:
See where he bows his ſacred head,
Thus bows his head and dies!

4 But ſoon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory ſhine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

XXXIV.

A Prayer for Faith.

1 FATHER, I ſtretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyſelf from me,
Ah, whither ſhall I go?

2 What did thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour to ſecure
My ſoul from endleſs death!

3 O Jeſus, could I this believe,
I now ſhould feel thy pow'r:
Now my poor ſoul thou would'ſt retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift,
My ſoul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canſt not let me die;
O ſpeak, and I ſhall live:
And here I will unweary'd lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worſt of ſinners would rejoice,
Could they but ſee thy face;
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taſte thy pard'ning grace!

XXXV.

My Lord and my God.

1 O Thou whom fain my ſoul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know,
This veil of unbelief remove,
And to me all thy goodneſs ſhew;
Jeſu, thyſelf in me reveal,
Tell me thy name, thy nature tell.

2 Haſt thou been with me, Lord, ſo long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?
I claim thee with a falt'ring tongue;
I pray thee in a feeble grone,
Tell me, O tell me, who thou art,
And ſpeak thy name into my heart.

3 If now thou talkeſt by the way
With ſuch an abject worm as me,
Thy myſteries of grace diſplay,
Open mine eyes that I may ſee,
That I may underſtand thy word,
And now cry out, "It is my Lord!"

4 I know him by thoſe prints of love;
His bleeding wounds ſtand open wide;
Thro' faith, I handle him, and prove,
I thruſt my hand into his ſide,
I feel the ſprinkling of his blood;
Jeſu, thou art my Lord, my God!

XXXVI.

Crucifixion to the World by the Croſs of Chriſt.

1 WHEN I ſurvey the wond'rous croſs
On which the prince of glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the death of Chriſt my God:
All the vain things that charm me moſt
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch love and ſorrow meet,
Or thorns compoſe ſo rich a crown?

4 His dying-crimſon, like a robe,
Speads o'er his body on the tree:
Lord, make me dead to all the globe,
And let the globe be dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall,
Love ſo amaz'ng, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

XXXVII.

To the Trinity.

1 FATHER of mankind,
Be ever ador'd!
Thy mercy we find
In ſending our Lord
To ranſom and bleſs us;
Thy goodneſs we praiſe,
For ſending, in Jeſus,
Salvation by grace.

2 O Son of his love!
Who deigneth to die,
Our curſe to remove,
Our pardon to buy:
Accept our thankſgiving,
Almighty to ſave,
Who openeſt heaven
To all that believe.

3 O Spirit of Love,
Of health and of pow'r!
Thy working we prove,
Thy grace we adore:
Whose inward revealing
Applies our Lord's blood,
Attesting and sealing
The children of God.

XXXVIII.

And they crucified him.

1 O Love divine, what hast thou done!
Th' immortal God had dy'd for me,
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Bore all my sins upon the tree;
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd,
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, Was ever grief like his!
Come feel, with me, his blood apply'd;
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!

3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring us rebels near to God:
I now believe the record true,
That I am bought with Jesu's blood:
Pardon flows from his bleeding side:
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!

4 Then let us ſit beneath his croſs,
And gladly catch the healing ſtream;
All things for him account but loſs,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or ſpeak beſide,
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!

XXXIX.

The Chriſtian Union.

1 JESU, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy Name agree:
Shew thyſelf the Prince of peace,
Bid our jars for ever ceaſe.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry ſtumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and ſpread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love expreſs,
All the heights of holineſs.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

XL.

Pſalm V.

1 O Lord, incline thy gracious ear,
My plaintive ſorrows weigh;
To thee for ſuccour I draw near,
To thee I humbly pray:
Still will I call with lifted eyes,
Come, O my God and King,
Till thou regard my ceaſeleſs cries,
And full deliv'rance bring.

2 On thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hall'wing grace:
None without holineſs ſhall ſee
The glories of thy face.
In ſouls unholy and unclean
Thou never canſt delight;
Nor ſhall they, while unſtay'd from ſin,
Appear before his ſight.

3 But as for me, with humble fear
I will approach thy gate;
Tho' moſt unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait;

I truſt

I truſt in thy unbounded grace,
To all ſo freely giv'n,
And worſhip t'ward thy holy place,
And liſt my ſoul to heav'n.

4 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
Nor ſuffer me to ſlide;
Point out the path before my face,
My God, be thou my Guide;
The cruel pow'r, the guileful art
Of all my foes ſuppreſs,
Whoſe throat's an open grave, whoſe heart
Is deſp'rate wickedneſs.

XLI.

Pſalm VI.

1 LORD, in thy wrath no more chaſtiſe
Nor let thy whole diſpleaſure riſe
Againſt a child of man:
Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
And heal my ſoul diſeas'd and ſick,
And full of ſin and pain.

2 Body and ſoul thy judgments feel,
Thy heavy wrath afflicts me ſtill,
O when ſhall it be o'er?
Turn thee, O Lord, and ſave my ſoul,
And, for thy mercy ſake, make whole,
And bid me ſin no more.

3 Here,

3 Here, only here thy love muſt ſave,
I cannot thank thee in the grave,
Or tell thy pard'ning grace:
Who dies unpurg'd, for ever dies,
The ſinner as falls he lies,
Shut up in his own place.

4 The Lord hath heard my groans and tears,
The Lord ſhall ſtill accept my pray'rs,
And all my foes o'erthrow;
Shall conquer and deſtroy them too,
And make ev'n me a creature new,
A ſinleſs ſaint below.

XLII.

Pſalm XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Wilt thou forever hide thy face?
Leave me unchang'd and unreſtor'd,
An alien from the life of grace?

2 How long ſhall I enquire within,
And ſeek thee in my heart in vain?
Vex'd with the dire remains of ſin,
Gall'd with the tyrant's iron chain?

3 How long ſhall Satan's rage prevail?
(I aſk thee with a falt'ring tongue)
See at thy feet my ſpirits fail,
And hear me feebly grone, how long?

4 Hear

4 Hear me, O Lord my God, and weigh
My ſorrows in the ſcale of love;
Lighten my eyes, reſtore the day,
The darkneſs from my ſoul remove.

5 Open my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
O ſnatch me from the Gulph beneath;
Save, or my gaſping ſpirit dies,
Dies with an everlaſting death.

6 Thou wilt, thou wilt! my hope returns
A ſudden ſpir't of faith I feel;
My heart in fervent wiſhes burns,
And God ſhall there for ever dwell.

7 Thy love I ever ſhall proclaim,
A mon'ment of thy mercy I!
And praiſe the mighty Jeſu's name,
Jeſus the Lord, the Lord moſt high!

XLIII.

Pſalm XXXVIII.

1 AMIDST thy wrath, remember love,
Reſtore thy ſervant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chaſt'ning prove
Like an avenger's ſword.

2 My ſins a heavy burden are,
And o'er my head are gone,
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too great for me t'atone.

3 My thoughts are like the troubled ſea,
My head ſtill bending down,
And I go mourning all the day,
Father, beneath thy frown.

4 Thou art my God, my only hope!
O hearken to my cry:
O bear my fainting ſpirits up
When Satan bids me die.

5 O God, forgive my follies paſt;
Be thou forever nigh:
O Lord of my ſalvation, haſte
And ſave me, or I die.

XLIV.

Pſalm LI.

1 O Thou that hear'ſt when ſinners cry!
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my ſoul averſe to ſin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy preſence from my heart.

3 I cannot live wtihout thy light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy ſight:
Thy ſaving ſtrength, O Lord, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merit of thy Son.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

6 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song!
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness!

XLIX.

Psalm LXIII.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my Hope, my Joy, my Rest!
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God,
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy son thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Even life itself without thy love
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 'twould be me some burden prove,
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALM XLVI.

Psalm XC.

1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope, for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling ſtream
Bears all its ſons away:
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

6 O God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life ſhall laſt,
And our perpetual home.

XLVII.

Pſalm CXXI.

1 TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and ſkies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet, O Lord, ſhall never fall,
Whom thou vouchſafes to keep;
Thy ear attends the ſofteſt call,
Thy eyes can never ſleep.

3 Thou wilt ſuſtain our feeble pow'rs
With thy almighty arm,
Thou watcheſt our unguarded hours
Againſt invading harm.

4 Nor ſcorching ſun, nor ſickly moon,
Shall have thy leave to ſmite;
Thou ſhield'ſt our heads from burning noon,
From blaſting damps at night.

5 He guards our souls, he keeps our breath
Where thickest dangers come;
Go, and return secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

XLVIII.

Psalm CXXX.

1 OUT of the depth of self-despair,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
My misery mark, attend my prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.

2 Death's sentence in myself I feel,
Beneath thy wrath I faint;
O let thine ear consider well
The voice of my complaint.

3 If thou art rigorously severe,
Who may thy frown abide?
Where shall the man of sin appear,
Or how be justified?

4 But O! forgiveness is with thee,
That sinners may adore;
With filial fear thy goodness see,
And never grieve thee more.

5 My soul, while still to him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray;
O that his mercy's dawn would rise,
And bring the gospel-day.

6 Ye faithful ſouls, confide in God,
Mercy with him remains,
Plenteous redemption in his blood
To waſh out all your ſtains.

XLIX.

Pſalm CXXXIX.

PART I.

1 LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my ſoul would try
To ſhun thy preſence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all ſurrounding ſight ſurveys
My riſing and my reſt,
My public walks, my private ways,
The ſecrets of my breaſt.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'ſt the ſenſe I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge! deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie
Beſet on ev'ry ſide.

5 So let thy grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my ſoul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign love.

PART

Part 2.

1 LORD, where ſhall guilty ſouls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy vengeful ire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

2 Should I ſuppreſs my vital breath,
T' eſcape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave reſign.

3 If wing'd with beams of morning-light,
I fly beyond the Weſt,
Thy hands, which muſt ſupport my flight,
Would ſoon betray my reſt.

4 If o'er my ſins I ſeek to draw
The curtains of the night,
Thoſe flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the ſhades to light.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight-hour,
Are both alike to thee;
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
From which I cannot flee.

L. Com-

L.

Complaining of ſpiritual Sloth.

1 MY drowſy powʼrs, why ſleep ye ſo?
Awake, my ſluggiſh ſoul;
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half ſo dull.

2 Go to the ants for one poor grain,
See how they toil and ſtrive;
Yet we who have a heavʼn t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whoſe ſake all nature ſtands,
And ſtars their courſes move,
We, for whoſe guards the angel-bands
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careleſs to ſecure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, ſhall we lie ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from thʼ heavʼnly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vigʼrous ſouls to riſe,
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

LI,

Judgment.

1 WHEN riſing from the bed of death
O'erwhelm'd with grief and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
Oh, how ſhall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought,
My ſoul with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

3 When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd
In majeſty ſevere,
Ane ſet in judgment on my ſoul,
O how ſhall I appear!

4 Oh may my broken contrite heart
Timely my ſins lament;
And early with repentant tears
Eternal woe prevent!

5 Behold the ſorrows of my heart
Ere yet it too be late,
And hear my Saviour's dying groans
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

6 For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
Her pardon to ſecure,
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd,
To make that pardon ſure.

LII.

The new Creation.

1 ATTEND, while God's eternal Son
Doth his own glories shew!
"Behold, I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.

2 "Nature and sin are past away,
"And the old Adam dies,
"My hands a new foundation lays,
"See a new world arise.

3 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.

4 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
And cleanse my heart of flesh;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

5 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world thy grace hath made,
May I for ever dwell.

LIII. Wait-

LIII.

Waiting for the Spirit of Adoption.

1 ALL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise!
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to tell thy grace.

2 With this cold ſtony heart of mine,
Jeſu, to thee I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign,
To be renew'd by thee.

3 Give me to hide my bluſhing face
While thy dear croſs appears,
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt my eyes to tears.

4 O may the uncorrupted ſeed
Abide and reign within,
And thy life-giving word forbid
My new-born ſoul to ſin.

5 Father, I wait before thy throne,
Call me a child of thine,
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form thy heart divine.

6 There ſhed thy promis'd love abroad,
And make my comfort ſtrong,
Then ſhall I ſay, "My Father God,"
With an unerring tongue.

LIV. Un-

LIV.

Unfaithfulneſs.

1 LONG have I ſat beneath the ſound
Of thy ſalvation, Lord;
But ſtill how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a portion of thy grace
Can my hard heart retain!

3 My gracious Saviour and my God,
How little art thou known,
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And bleſſings of thy throne!

4 How cold and feeble is my love,
How negligent my fear,
How low my hope of joys above,
How few affections there!

5 Great God, thy ſov'reign pow'r impart
To give thy word ſucceſs;
Write thy ſalvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love ſhall never die.

LV.

Sincere Praiſe.

1 ALmighty Maker, God,
How glorious is thy name!
Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad,
Throughout creation's frame?

2 In native white and red
The roſe and lily ſtand,
And free from pride their beauties ſpread,
To ſhew thy ſkilful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the ſky
With unambitious ſong,
And bears her Maker's praiſe on high
Upon her artleſs tongue.

4 Fain would I riſe and ſing
To my Creator too,
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praiſes due.

5 But pride, that buſy ſin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd pride that creeps ſecurely in,
And ſwells a haughty worm.

6 Create my ſoul anew,
Elſe all my worſhip's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er prove true
Till it be form'd again.

LVI.

The Compariſon and Complaint.

1 INfinite Pow'r, eternal Lord,
How ſov'reign is thy hand!
All nature roſe t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

2 With ſteady courſe the ſhining ſun
Keeps his appointed way,
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

3 But, ah! how wide my ſpirit flies,
And wanders from her God,
My ſoul forgets the heav'nly prize,
And treads the downward road.

4 Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee?
Creatures that never knew thy name,
That ne'er were lov'd like me?

5 Great God, create my ſoul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

6 Then ſhall my feet no more depart,
Nor my affections rove;
Devotion ſhall be all my heart,
And all my paſſions love.

LVII.

A Prayer for Light of Life.

O Sun of Righteouſneſs! ariſe,
With healing in thy wing;
To my diſeas'd and fainting ſoul
Life and ſalvation bring.

2 Theſe clouds of pride and ſin diſpel
By thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten my eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning pow'r,
From low deſires ſet free;
Unite my ſcatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love intire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-loſt ſon receive;
Saviour thy purchaſe own;
Bleſt Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three!
On thee all faith, all hope is plac'd,
All love be paid to thee.

LVIII.

We love him, becauſe he firſt loved us.

1 OF him who did ſalvation bring
I could for ever think and ſing;
Ariſe, ye guilty; he'll forgive!
Ariſe, ye needy; he'll relieve!

2 Aſk but his grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n;
Aſk, and he turns your hell to heav'n:
Tho' ſin and ſorrow wound my ſoul,
Jeſu, thy balm will make it whole.

3 Eternal Lord, almighty King!
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring;
Thou conquer'ſt all beneath, above,
Dev'ls with force, and men with love.

4 The wounded ſpear pierces my heart;
When thou art nail'd, I feel the ſmart;
Thy groans my echoing ſighs diſplay;
Thou bow'ſt thy head, I faint away.

5 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I ſhed my tears and make my moan;
Where-e'er I am, where-e'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

6 Inſatiate to this Spring I fly,
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah, who againſt thy charms is proof,
Ah, who that loves, can love enough!

LIX.

A Morning Hymn.

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-Star from on high!
The ſun itſelf is but thy ſhade,
Yet chears both earth and ſky.

2 O let thy orient beams
The night of ſin diſperſe,
The miſts of error and of vice
Which ſhade the univerſe!

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and ſad before!
With joy we view the pleaſing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the riſing day!
Or Jeſu's blood, like ev'ning dew,
Waſh all the ſtains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors paſt,
And live this ſhort revolving day
As if it was our laſt.

6 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall for ever be!

LX.

God exalted above all Praiſe.

1 ETernal Pow'r, whoſe high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds,
Where ſtars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee, while the firſt archangel ſings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of ſhining thrones around
Fall worſhipping and ſpread the ground.

3 Lord, what ſhall earth and aſhes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From ſin and duſt for thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth from far has heard the fame,
And worms have learnt to liſp thy name.
But, Oh! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our ſoaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heav'n, and men below,
Be ſhort our tunes, our words be few;
A ſacred rev'rence checks our ſongs,
And praiſe ſits ſilent on our tongues.

LXI.

Pſalm XVIII.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord my pow'r,
My Rock and Fortreſs is the Lord,
My God, my Saviour, and my Tow'r,
My Horn and Strength, my Shield and Sword!
Secure I truſt in his defence,
I ſtand in his Omnipotence.

2 Still will I invocate his name,
And ſpend my life in pray'r and praiſe;
His goodneſs own, his promiſe claim,
And look for all his ſaving grace,
Till all his ſaving grace I ſee,
From ſin and hell for ever free.

3 He ſav'd me in temptation's hour,
Horribly caught and compaſs'd round,
Expos'd to Satan's raging pow'r,
In floods of ſin and ſorrow drown'd,
Condemn'd the ſecond death to feel,
Arreſted by the pains of hell.

4 To God, my God, with plaintive cry,
I call'd in agony of fear;
My humble wailing pierc'd the ſky,
My groaning reach'd his gracious ear;
He heard me from his glorious throne,
And ſent the timely reſcue down.

LXII.

Pſalm XXIII.

1 THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walk he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight-hours defend.

2 When in the ſultry globe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mounrains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers ſoft and ſlow
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhould fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill,
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful ſhade.

4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wiles I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

LXIII.

Psalm XLV.

1 MY heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare;
Of him I make my loftier songs,
And cannot from his praise forbear!
My ready tongue makes haste to sing
The beauties of my heav'nly King.

2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness thou art,
Replenish'd are thy lips with grace,
And full of love thy tender heart:
God ever blest, we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in thee.

3 Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to thee thy pow'r divine,
Stir up thy strength, almighty Lord,
All pow'r and majesty are thine;
Assert thy worship and renown,
O all redeeming God, come down.

LXIV.

Psalm C.

1 BEfore Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and can destroy.

2 His

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

LXV.

Psalm CIII.

1 MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'Tis he that all thy sin forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

4 As far as 'tis from East to West,
So far hath he our sins remov'd,
Who with a Father's tender breast,
Hath such as fear'd him always lov'd.

5 The Lord, the universal King,
In heav'n hath fix'd his lofty throne;
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his praise is shewn.

6 Let ev'ry creature join to bless
The mighty Lord; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy, thy thanks express,
And in the concert bear a part.

LXVI.

Psalm CXVI.

1 O Thou who when I did complain,
Didst all my griefs remove;
O Saviour, do not now disdain
My humble praise and love.

2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
And heard me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon thee while I live,
And never doubt thy aid.

3 Pale death, with all his ghastly train,
My soul incompass'd round:
Anguish, and sin, and dread, and pain,
On ev'ry side I found.

4 To thee, O Lord of life, I pray'd,
And did for ſuccour flee:
O ſave (in my diſtreſs I ſaid)
The ſoul that truſts in thee!

5 How good thou art, how large thy grace,
How eaſy to forgive,
The helpleſs thou delight'ſt to raiſe,
And by thy love I live.

6 My eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
My feet from falling free,
Redeem'd from death and guilty fears,
O Lord, I'll live to thee.

LXVII.

Pſalm CXXI.

1 TO the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlaſting hills,
Streaming thence in freſh ſupplies,
My ſoul the Spirit feels.
Will he not his help afford?
Help while yet I aſk is giv'n,
God comes down, the God and Lord
That made both earth and heav'n.

2 Faithful ſouls, pray, always pray,
And ſtill in God confide;
He thy feeble ſteps ſhall ſtay,
Nor ſuffer thee to ſlide.

Lean on the Redeemer's breaſt,
He thy quiet ſpirit keeps,
Reſt in him, ſecurely reſt,
Thy Watchman never ſleeps.

3 Chriſt ſhall bleſs thy going-out,
Shall bleſs thy coming-in,
Kindly compaſs thee about
Till thou art ſav'd from ſin.
Like thy ſpotleſs Maſter, thou,
Fill'd with wiſdom, love and pow'r,
Holy, pure, and perfect, now,
Henceforth, and for evermore.

LXVIII.

Pſalm CXXVIII.

1 BLEST is the man that fears the Lord,
And walks in all his ways;
An earneſt of his great reward
On earth his Maſter pays.

2 Thou ſhalt not ſpend thy ſtrength in vain
For periſhable food;
Thy Father ſhall his own ſuſtain,
And fill thy ſoul with good.

3 Happy in him thy ſoul ſhall be,
And on his fulneſs feed;
Jeſus, who came from heav'n for thee,
Shall be thy living bread.

4 Thy wife ſhall, as the fruitful vine,
Her blooming offspring ſhew;
Thy children ſhall be God's, not thine,
His pleaſant plants below.

5 Thus ſhall the man be bleſt, who owns
His Maker for his Lord,
Or doubly bleſt with better ſons
Begotten by the word.

6 Fill'd with abiding peace divine,
With Iſrael's bleſſing bleſt,
Thou then the church above ſhalt join,
And gain the heav'nly reſt.

LXIX.

Pſalm CXXXIV.

1 YE ſervants of God,
Whoſe diligent care
Is ever employ'd
In watching and pray'r:
With praiſes unceaſing
Your Jeſus proclaim,
Rejoicing and bleſſing
His excellent name!

2 'Tis Jeſus commands,
Come all to his houſe,
And lift up your hands,
And pay him your vows:

And

And while you are giving
Your Maker is due,
The Lord out of heaven
Shall ſanctify you.

LXX.

Pſalm CXXXIX.

1 THOU, Lord, by ſtricteſt ſearch haſt known
My riſing-up and lying-down;
My ſecret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path ſurveys,
My public haunts, and private ways:
Thou know'ſt what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet-unutter'd words intent.

3 Surrounded by thy pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand;
A ſkill for human reach too high,
Too dazling bright for mortal eye.

4 O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once forſaking thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence ſhun,
O whither from thy preſence run?

5 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light;
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.

6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Weſtern main,
Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy fugitive.

7 The veil of night is no diſguiſe,
No ſkreen from thy all-ſearching eyes;
Through midnight ſhades thou find'ſt the way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

LXXI.

Pſalm CXLV. Part. 2 Ver. 14.

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign Lord of all!
Thy ſtrength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raiſe the poor that fall.

2 When ſorrow bows the ſpirit down,
Or virtue lies diſtreſt
Beneath the proud oppreſſor's frown,
Thou giv'ſt the mourner reſt.

3 Thou, Lord, ſupports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and juſt are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.

4 Thou know'ſt the pains thy ſervants feel,
Thou hear'ſt thy children cry:
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere;
Thou ſav'ſt the ſouls whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My lips ſhall dwell upon thy praiſe,
And ſpread thy fame abroad:
Let all the ſons of Adam raiſe
The honours of their God.

LXXII.

Pſalm CXLVI.

1 I'LL praiſe my Maker while I've breath,
And, when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On Iſrael's God! He made the ſky,
And earth, and ſeas, and all their train:
His truth for ever ſtands ſecure;
He ſaves th' oppreſt, he feeds thee poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

The Lord pours eye-ſight on the blind,
The Lord ſupports the fainting mind,
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace,
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow, and the fatherleſs,
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

4 I'll praiſe my Maker while I've breath;
And, when my voice is loſt in death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life, and thought, and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

LXXIII.

Pſalm CXLVII.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord! 'tis good to raiſe
Our hearts and voices in his praiſe:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the ſtars, thoſe heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Great is the Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the juſt,
And treads the wicked to the duſt.

4 What

4 What is the creature's ſkill or force,
The ſprightly man, or warlike horſe,
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

5 But ſaints are lovely in his ſight,
He views his children with delight;
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

6 Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

LXXIV.

Hymn to the Trinity.

1 HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endleſs praiſe to thee:
Supreme, eſſential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three!

2 Inthron'd in everlaſting ſtate,
E'er time its round began,
Who join'd in council to create
The dignity of man.

3 To whom Iſaiah's viſion ſhew'd
The ſeraphs veil their wings,
While thee, Jehovah, Lord and God,
Th' angelic army ſings.

4 To thee, by myſtic pow'rs on high,
Were humble praiſes giv'n,
When John beheld, with favour'd eye,
Th' inhabitants of heav'n.

5 All that the name of creature owns,
To thee in hymns aſpire;
May we, as angels on the thrones,
For ever join the choir.

6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endleſs praiſe to thee,
Supreme, eſſential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three!

LXXV.

God glorious, and Sinners ſaved.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands thro' the ſkies.

2 Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill!
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience ſtill.

3 Part of thy name divinely ſtands
On all thy creatures writ;
They ſhew the labour of thy hands,
And impreſs of thy feet.

4 Here

4 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighter ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright ſeraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

5 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall teach my heart,
And love command my tongue.

LXXVI.

The Offices of Chriſt.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wiſdom, love and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore;
All are too mean to ſpeak thy worth,
Too mean to ſet thee, Saviour, forth.

2 But O what gentle terms,
What condeſcending ways,
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder ſee,
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 Great

3 Great prophet of my God!
My tongue ſhall bleſs thy name;
By thee, the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came;
The joyful news of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

4 Should all the hoſts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their moſt dreadful forms
Of rage and miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe, for Chriſt diſplays
Superior pow'r and guardian grace.

LXXVII.

Heaven begun on Earth.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
While ye ſurround his throne.

2 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing,
That never knew our God;
But ſervants of the heav'nly King
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth ſurveys,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And calms the roaring ſeas;

4 This

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love!
Thou ſhalt ſend down thy heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above:

5 There we ſhall ſee thy face,
And never, never ſin;
There, from the rivers of thy grace,
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

6 Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry,
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

LXXVIII.

Solomon's Song, Ch. II. Ver. 1, &c.

1 BEHOLD the Roſe of Sharon here,
The Lily which the valleys bear!
Behold the Tree of life, that gives
Refreſhing fruit and healing leaves!

2 Amongs the thorns and lilies ſhine,
Among wild gourds the mantling vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves
Amidſt a thouſand meaner loves:

3 Beneath this cooling ſhade I ſat,
To ſhield me from the burning heat;
Of heav'nly fruit, he ſpreads a feaſt,
To feed my eyes, and pleaſe my taſte.

4 O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down, and reſt upon my heart;
I charge my ſins not once to move,
Nor ſtir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.

Ver. 8.

1 THE Voice of my Beloved ſounds
Over the rocks and riſing grounds:
O'er hills of guilt and ſeas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now thro' the veil of fleſh I ſee,
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the goſpel's cleareſt glaſs
He ſhews the beauties of his face:

3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue:
Riſe, ſaith the Lord, make haſte away,
No mortal joys are worth thy ſtay.

4 The Jewiſh wint'ry ſtate is gone,
The miſts are fled, the ſpring comes on,
The ſacred turtle-dove, we hear,
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 Th' immortal Vine, of heav'nly root,
Bloſſoms and buds, and gives her fruit:
Lo! we are come to taſte the wine,
Our ſouls rejoice and bleſs the Vine.

6 And when I hear my Jeſus ſay
"Riſe up, my Love, make haſte away,"
My heart would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

LXXIX.

Solomon's Song, Chap. IV. Ver. 1.

1 KIND is the ſpeech of Chriſt our Lord,
Affection ſounds in ev'ry word:
"Thou art my choſen one, he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties.

2 "Sweet is thy voice, my Spouſe, to me,
"I will behold no ſpot in thee."
What mighty wonders love performs,
That puts a comelineſs on worms!

3 Defil'd and loathſome as we are,
Thou mak'ſt us white, and call'ſt us fair,
Adorn'ſt us with thy heav'nly dreſs,
Thy graces and thy righteouſneſs.

4 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my ſtay
From thee; come, Saviour, come away.

5 O may my ſpirit daily riſe
On wings of faith above the ſkies,
Till death ſhall make my laſt remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.

LXXX.

Solomon's Song, Chap. V.

1 WHO's this, that like the morning ſhows,
When ſhe her path with roſes ſtrews,
More fair than the repleniſh'd moon,
More radiant than the ſun at noon?

2 Nor armies, with their enſigns ſpread,
So threat'ning with amazing dread;
His looks like cedars planted on,
The brows of lofty Lebanon.

3 His Tongue the ear with muſic feeds,
And he in ev'ry part exceeds:
Among ten thouſand he appears
The chief, and beauty's enſign bear

4 I, my Belov'd, am only thine,
And thou, by juſt exchange, art mine:
Come, let us tread the pleaſant fields,
Taſte we what fruit the country yields.

5 There where no froſts our ſprings deſtroy,
Shalt thou alone my love enjoy:
Come, my Belov'd, O come away,
Love is impatient of delay.

6 Run, like a youthful heart or roe,
On hills, where precious ſpices grow:
Love is impatient of delay,
Come, my Belov'd, O come away.

LXXXI.

1 AND can it be that I ſhould gain
An int'reſt in my Saviour's blood?
Dy'd he for me?—who caus'd his pain!
For me?—who him to death purſu'd!
Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my God, ſhould'ſt die for me?

2 'Tis myſt'ry all: th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore his ſtrange deſign?
In vain the firſt-born ſeraph tries
To ſound the depths of Love Divine.
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore;
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
(So free, ſo infinite his grace)
Empty'd himſelf of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpleſs race:
'Tis mercy all, immenſe and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my impriſon'd ſpirit lay,
Faſt bound in ſin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffus'd a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flam'd with light,
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I roſe, went forth, and follow'd thee.

5 Still the ſmall inward voice I hear,
That whiſpers all my ſins forgiv'n;

Still the atoning blood is near,
That quench'd the wrath of hoſtile heav'n;
I feel the life his wounds impart,
I feel my Saviour in my heart.

6 No condemnation now I dread,
Jeſus, and all in him, is mine:
Alive in him, my living Head,
And cloath'd in righteouſneſs divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, thro' Chriſt, my own.

LXXXII.

1 COME, Holy Ghoſt, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to reſt:
Drawn by the lure of ſtrong deſire,
O come, and conſecrate my breaſt;
The temple of my ſoul prepare,
And fix thy ſacred preſence there!

2 If now thy influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live;
Still to my heart thyſelf reveal,
Give me thyſelf, for ever give:
A point my good, a drop my ſtore;
Eager I aſk, and pant for more.

3 Eager for thee I aſk and pant;
So ſtrong the principle divine

Carries

Carries me out with ſweet conſtraint,
Till all my hallow'd ſoul be thine:
Plung'd in the Godhead's deepeſt ſea,
And loſt in thine immenſity.

4 My Peace, my Life, my Comfort now,
My Treaſure and my All thou art;
True Witneſs of my ſonſhip thou,
Engraving pardon on my heart;
Seal of my ſins in Chriſt forgiv'n,
Earneſt of Love, and Pledge of heav'n.

5 Come then, my God, mark out thine heir,
Of heav'n a larger earneſt give,
With clearer light thy witneſs bear,
More ſenſibly within me live;
Let all my pow'rs thine entrance feel,
And deeper ſtamp Thyſelf the ſeal.

6 Come, Holy Ghoſt, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and in me delight to reſt!
Drawn by the lure of ſtrong deſire,
O come and conſecrate my breaſt;
The temple of my ſoul prepare,
And fix thy ſacred preſence there!

LXXXIII.

1 MORE dear than life itſelf thy love
My heart and tongue ſhall ſtill employ;
And to declare thy praiſe will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

2 In bleſſing thee with grateful ſongs
My happy life ſhall glide away;
The praiſe that to thy name belongs,
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

3 Abundant ſweetneſs, while I ſing
Thy love, my raviſh'd ſoul o'erflows,
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.

4 Thy name, O Lord, upon my bed
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought.
With trembling awe in midnight-ſhade,
I muſe on all thy hands have wrought.

5 In all I do I feel thy aid;
Therefore thy greatneſs will I ſing,
O God, who bid'ſt my heart be glad
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wing.

6 My ſoul draws nigh, and cleaves to thee;
Then let or earth or hell aſſail,
Thy mighty hand ſhall ſet me free,
For whom thou ſav'ſt he ne'er ſhall fall.

LXXXIV.

1 THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tow'r,
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
In all thy works, and thee alone!
Thee will I love till the pure fire
Fill my whole ſoul with chaſte deſire.

2 Ah!

2 Ah! why did I ſo late thee know,
Thee lovelier than the ſons of men!
Ah, why did I no ſooner go
To thee, the only eaſe in pain!
Aſham'd I ſigh and inly mourn
That I ſo late to thee did turn.

3 In darkneſs willingly I ſtray'd;
I ſought thee, yet from thee I rov'd:
For wide my wand'ring thoughts were ſpread,
Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd,
And now if more at length I ſee,
'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have ſhin'd:
I thank thee, who haſt overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:
I thank thee, whoſe enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor ſuffer me again to ſtray:
Strengthen my feet, with ſteady pace
Still to preſs forward in thy way:
My ſoul and fleſh, O Lord of might,
Fill, ſatiate with thy heav'nly light.

6 Give to my eyes refreſhing tears,
Give to my heart chaſte, hallow'd fires,
Give to my ſoul with filial fears,
The love that all heav'n's hoſt inſpires:
That all my pow'rs with all their might
In thy ſole glory may unite.

7 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love beneath thy frown
Or ſmile, thy ſceptre or thy rod;
What tho' my fleſh and heart decay.
Thee ſhall I love in endleſs day!

LXXXV.

1 ABBA, Father! hear thy child,
Late in Jeſus reconcil'd!
Hear, and all the graces ſhow'r,
All the joy, and peace, and pow'r,
All my Saviour aſks above,
All the life of heav'n, of love.

2 Lord I will not let thee go,
Till the bleſſing thou beſtow;
Hear my Advocate divine,
Lo! to his my ſuit I join:
Join'd to his it cannot fail—
Bleſs me, for I will prevail!

3 Stoop from thine eternal throne,
See thy promiſe calls thee down!
High and lofty as thou art
Dwell within my worthleſs heart!
My poor fainting ſoul revive;
Here for ever walk and live.

4 Heav'nly Adam, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine:

Move

Move, and ſpread throughout my ſoul,
Actuate and fill the whole:
Be it I no longer now,
Living in the fleſh, but thou.

5 Holy Ghoſt, no more delay,
Come, and in thy temple ſtay;
Now thine inward witneſs bear
Strong, and permanent, and clear,
Spring of Life, thyſelf impart,
Riſe eternal in my heart!

LXXXVI.

1 AND Can I yet delay
My little all to give,
To tear my ſoul from earth away,
For Jeſus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more,
I ſink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee Conqueror.

3 Tho' late I all forſake,
My friends, my life reſign,
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And ſeal me ever thine.

4 Come and poſſeſs me whole,
Nor hence again remove,
Settle and fix my wav'ring ſoul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My Life, my Portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art,
My Hope, my heav'nly Treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

LXXXVII.

1 FATHER of mankind,
Be ever ador'd:
Thy mercy we find,
In sending our Lord
To ransom and bless us:
Thy goodness we praise,
For sending in Jesus
Salvation by grace.

2 O Son of his love,
Who deignedst to die,
Our curse to remove,
Our pardon to buy:
Accept our thanksgiving,
Almighty to save,
Who openest heaven
To all that believe.

3 O Spirit of love,
Of health and of pow'r,

Thy

Thy working we prove,
Thy grace we adore;
Whoſe inward revealing
Applies our Lord's blood,
Atteſting and ſealing
Us children of God.

LXXXVIII.

1 AUTHOR of faith, appear!
Be thou its Finiſher;
Upward ſtill for this we gaze,
Till we feel the Stamp divine,
Thee behold with open face,
Bright in all thy glory ſhine.

2 Leave not thy work undone,
But ever love thine own,
Let us all thy goodneſs prove,
Let us to the end believe;
Shew thy everlaſting love,
Save us, to the utmoſt ſave.

3 O that our life might be
One looking up to thee!
Ever haſt'ning to the day
When our eyes ſhall ſee thee near!
Come, Redeemer, come away!
Glorious in thy ſaints appear.

4 Jeſu, the heavens bow,
We long to meet thee now!

Now

Now in majeſty come down,
Pity thine elect and come;
Hear us in thy Spirit groan,
Take the weary exiles home.

5 Now let thy face be ſeen
Without a veil between:
Come, and change our faith to ſight,
Swallow up mortality;
Plunge us in a ſea of light,
Chriſt be all in all to me.

LXXXIX.

1 JESU, attend; thyſelf reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midſt we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the ſpreading flame.

2 Thou, God, that anſwereſt by fire,
The Spir't of burning now impart,
And let the flames of pure deſire
Riſe from the altar of our heart.

3 Truly our fellowſhip below
With thee and with thy Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heav'n's unutterable bliſs.

4 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above,
And I ſhall then behold thee near,
And I ſhall all be loſt in love!

XC.

1 I Would be thine, thou know'ſt I would,
And have thee all mine own;
Thee, O mine all-ſufficient Good,
I want, and thee alone.

2 Thy name to me, thy nature grant:
This, only this be giv'n,
Nothing beſides my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heav'n.

3 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my ſoul deſcend,
No longer from thy creature ſtay,
My Author, and my End.

4 The bliſs thou haſt for me prepar'd,
No longer be delay'd;
Come, my exceeding great Reward,
For whom I firſt was made.

5 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
And ſeal me thine abode,
Let all I am in thee be loſt,
Let all I am be God!

XCI.

1 BElieving on my Lord, I find
A ſure and preſent aid:
On thee alone my conſtant mind
Is ev'ry moment ſtay'd.

2 Whate'er in me ſeems wiſe, or good,
Or ſtrong, I here diſclaim:
I waſh my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

3 Jeſus, my ſtrength, my Life, my Reſt,
On thee will I depend,
Till ſummon'd to the marriage-feaſt,
Where faith in ſight ſhall end.

XCII.

1 CHRIST our Head and common Lord,
See the ſouls that wait on thee,
Hear us all with one accord
Sweetly in thy praiſe agree;
Parted tho' in fleſh we are,
Join'd to thee our corner-ſtone,
We are intimately near,
Preſent, and in ſpirit one.

2 Let us now to thee aſpire,
Who thy life begin to know,
Let the circulating fire
Now in ev'ry boſom glow:
Let the incenſe of our vows
From thy golden cenſer riſe,
Fragrant thro' the higher houſe,
Well-accepted ſacrifice.

3 Come, ye abſent ſouls, who love
Jeſus with a ſimple heart,

Seek

Seek with us the things above,
Never from the work depart:
Never let us ceaſe to ſing
The great riches of his grace,
Till we all behold our King
Eye to eye, and face to face.

4 Quickly we ſhall all appear
At the judgment ſeat above,
We ſhall ſee our Jeſus near,
Him whom now unſeen we love;
We his dear, peculiar ones,
Sharers of our Maſter's bliſs,
We ſhall ſit upon our thrones,
We ſhall ſee him as he is.

5 Partners of this heav'nly hope,
Travel on and meet us there,
We ſhall ſurely be caught up,
Meet the Saviour in the air;
Yes; eternity's at hand,
We ſhall ſoon be taken home,
With the Lamb on Sion ſtand—
Come, Deſire of Nations, come!

XCIII.

1 IN a land of corn and wine
My lot is caſt below,
Comforts here and bleſſings join,
And milk and honey flow:

Jacob's well is in my ſoul,
Gracious dew my heav'ns diſtil,
Fill my ſpir't already full,
And ſhall for ever fill.

2 Bleſt, O Iſrael, art thou,
What people is like thee?
Sav'd from ſin by Jeſus now
Thou art, and ſtill ſhall be;
Jeſus is thy ſeven-fold ſhield,
Jeſus is thy flaming ſword,
Earth, and hell, and ſin, ſhall yield,
To God's almighty word.

3 God's almighty word ſhall ſtand,
Thine enemies ſhall fall,
Fade away at his command,
And ſink and periſh all:
Liars ſhall they all be found,
All who cry'd, "It cannot be,
"Sin ſhould ever quit its ground,
"And have no place in thee."

4 God, the gracious God, and true,
Hath ſpoke the faithful word:
He the mighty work ſhall do
Our truſt is in the Lord:
He the mountain ſhall remove,
He the ſinner ſhall reſtore,
He ſhall perfect me in love,
And I ſhall ſin no more.

XCIV.

1 ARISE, my ſoul, ariſe,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding ſacrifice
In thy behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety ſtands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intecede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And ſprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual pray'rs,
They ſtrongly ſpeak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ranſom'd ſinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One,
He cannot turn away
The preſence of his Son:
His Spirit anſwers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear,

He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear,
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry!

XCV.

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling.
Joy of heav'n to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
Pure abounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave,
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and sinless let us be,
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restor'd in thee:
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

XCVI.

1 YE heavens rejoice
In Jesus's grace,
Let earth make a noise
And echo his praise!
Our all-loving Saviour
Hath pacify'd God,
And paid for his favour
The price of his blood.

2 Ye mountains and vales,
In praises abound;
Ye hills and ye dales,
Continue the sound;
Break forth into singing,
Ye trees of the wood;
For Jesus is bringing
Lost sinners to God.

3 Atonement he made
For every one:
The debt he hath paid;
The work he hath done,
Shout all the creation
Below and above,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus's love.

4 His mercy hath brought
Salvation to all,

Who

Who takes it unbought!
He frees them from thrall,
Throughout the believer
His glory displays,
And perfects for ever
The veſſels of grace.

XCVII.

1 REJOICE evermore
With angels above,
In Jeſus's pow'r,
In Jeſus's love;
With glad exultation
Your triumph proclaim,
Aſcribing ſalvation
To God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief
In trouble haſt been,
Haſt ſav'd us from grief,
Haſt ſav'd us from ſin:
The pow'r of thy Spirit
Hath ſet our hearts free,
And now we inherit
All fulneſs in thee.

3 All fulneſs of peace,
All fulneſs of joy,
And ſpiritual bliſs,
That never ſhall cloy;

To us it is given
In Jesus to know
A kingdom of heaven,
An heaven below.

4 No longer we join,
While sinners invite,
Or envy the swine
Their brutish delight:
Their joy is all sadness,
Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness,
Their pleasure is pain.

5 O might they at last
With sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste
For which they were born;
Our Jesus receiving,
Our happiness prove,
The joy of believing,
The heaven of love.

XCVIII.

1 PRAISE the Lord, ye blessed ones,
Your glorious Lord, and ours,
Principalities and thrones,
And all the heav'nly pow'rs;
Angels that in strength excel,
Here your utmost strength employ,
Let your ravish'd spirits swell
With endless praise and joy.

2 Worms

2 Worms of earth on gods we call,
And challenge you to ſing,
Sing the ſov'reign Cauſe of all,
The univerſal King;
While eternal ages laſt,
The tranſporting theme repeat,
Shout, and gaze, and fall, and caſt
Your crowns before his ſeat.

3 There with you we truſt to lie,
With you to riſe again,
Neareſt him that rules the ſky,
And foremoſt of his train;
We ſhall lead the heav'nly choir,
We ſhall give the key to you,
Singing to our golden lyre,
The ſong for ever new.

XCIX.

1 LEADER of faithful ſouls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the ſky,
Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,
Who would on thee alone rely,
On thee alone our ſpirit ſtay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place;
And haſten thro' the vale of woe,
And reſtleſs to behold thy face,
Sweet to our heav'nly country move,
Our everlaſting home above.

3 We have no 'biding city here,
But ſeek a city out of ſight:
Thither our ſteady courſe we ſteer,
Aſpiring to the plains of light,
Jeruſalem, the ſaints abode,
Whoſe founder is the living God.

4 Patient th' appointed race to rune,
This weary world we caſt behind,
From ſtrength to ſtrength we travel on,
The new Jeruſalem to find;
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerſualem.

5 Thither in all our thoughts we tend,
And ſtill with longing eyes look up,
Our hearts and pray'rs before us ſend,
Our ready ſcouts of faith and hope,
Who bring us news of Sion near,
We ſoon ſhall ſee the tow'rs appear.

6 Thro' thee, who all our ſins haſt borne,
Freely and graciouſly forgiv'n,
With ſongs to Sion we return,
Contending for our native heav'n,
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we ſing.

7 Ev'n now we taſte the pleaſures there,
A cloud of ſpicy odours comes,
Soft wafted by the balmy air,
Sweeter than Araby's perfumes;
From Sion's top the breezes blow,
And chear us in the vale below.

8 Rais'd by the breath of Love Divine,
We urge our way with ſtrength renew'd,
The church of the firſt-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God,
With joy upon our heads ariſe,
And meet our Captain in the ſkies.

C.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from ev'ry anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear:
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His ſoul diſdains on earth to dwell,
He only ſojourns here.

2 His happineſs in part is mine,
Already ſav'd from ſelf-deſign,
From ev'ry creature-love!
Bleſt with the ſcorn of finite good,
My ſoul is lighten'd of its load,
And ſeeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I purſue,
And happineſs beyond the view
Of thoſe, that baſely pant
For things by nature felt and ſeen:
Their honours, wealth, and pleaſures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no ſharer of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part,
And deſecrate the whole:

Only

Only betroth'd to Chriſt am I,
And wait his coming from the ſky,
To wed my happy ſoul.

5 I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more ſecurely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters, or than ſons,
Temples divine of living ſtones,
Inſcrib'd with Jeſu's name.

6 No foot of land do I poſſeſs,
No cottage in this wilderneſs;
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

7 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A ſtranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods deſpiſe,
I trample on their whole delight,
And ſeek a country out of ſight,
A country in the ſkies.

8 There is my houſe and portion fair,
My treaſure and my heart is there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren ſtay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jeſus bids me come.

9 I come, thy ſervant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the ſkies,
And claim my heav'nly reſt:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breaſt.

CI.

1 WITH Jeſus Chriſt together we
In heav'nly places ſit,
Cloth'd with the ſun we ſmile to ſee
The moon beneath our feet.

2 Our life is hid with Chriſt in God,
Our life ſhall ſoon appear,
And ſpread his glory all abroad
In all his members here.

3 The heav'nly treaſure now we have
In a mean houſe of clay,
Which he ſhall to the utmoſt ſave,
And guard againſt that day.

4 Our ſouls are in his mighty hand,
And he will keep them ſtill,
And you and I ſhall ſurely ſtand
With him on Sion's hill.

5 Him eye to eye we there ſhall ſee,
Our face like his ſhall ſhine:
O what a glorious company,
When ſaints and angels join!

6 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all ſhall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

7 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our paſſage thro',
Bear in our faithful mind the end,
And keep the prize in view.

8 Then let us haſten to the day
When all ſhall be brought home:
Come, O Redeemer, come away!
O Jeſus, quickly come!

CII.

1 SAVIOUR, Friend, of loſt mankind
Now thy love we call to mind,
Us thou haſt in mercy ſought,
Us unto thyſelf haſt brought.

2 Long, too long we went aſtray,
Wand'rers from the narrow way,
Down a broad deſtructive road,
Far from peace, and far from God.

3 We the paths of death purſu'd
With the thoughtleſs multitude,
Worldly good was all our aim,
Pleaſure, pow'r, and wealth, and fame.

4 But thy tender pity saw,
Stopp'd us by a sacred awe,
Us our fatal error shew'd,
Turn'd, and brought us back to God.

5 Walking in thy pleasant ways,
Humbly still we sue for grace,
Thy directing aid implore;
Never let us wander more!

6 Lest again we start aside,
Lord, be thou our constant guide,
Kindly take us by the hand,
Lead us to the promis'd land.

CIII.

1 A Little time I dwell below;
A little while I labour here:
And endless rest I soon shall know,
Where toil shall cease, and sin, and care.

2 Soon shall this weary soul of mine,
Out of this fleshly prison haste;
Death me shall bear away to join
The church caught up to be at rest.

3 No sooner shall the Lord proclaim,
Sounding the wish'd-for jubilee;
Let go my servant, loose my Lamb;
But I in endless bliss shall be.

4 I joyful here my work perform,
Knowing when all my work is done,
I (tho' a poor unworthy worm)
Shall share the Lord my Saviour's throne.

5 There

5 There ſhall my worldly bus'neſs end,
And I wrapt up in glorious peace,
My everlaſting age ſhall ſpend,
And ſee my Jeſus face to face.

6 There long I to adore my King,
Bowing before the Lord moſt high;
There pant I with the ſaints to ſing
Loud ſongs to all eternity.

CIV.

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repoſe,
Thou all-ſufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine:
And lo! from ſin, and grief, and ſhame,
I hide me, Jeſus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty Name ſalvation is,
And keeps my happy ſoul above,
Comfort it brings, and pow'r, and peace,
And joy, and everlaſting love:
To me with thy dear name are giv'n
Pardon, and holineſs, and heav'n.

3 Jeſu, my all in all thou art,
My reſt in toil, my eaſe in pain,
The med'cine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loſs my gain;
My ſmile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In ſhame my glory and my crown.

4 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty pow'r,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour,
In grief my joy unspeakable,
My life in death, my heav'n in hell.

CV.

1 MASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine I long to be,
Thou seest at last I willing am,
Where'er thou go'st to follow thee,
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine to live and die.

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I chearfully forego,
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below,
My senses, and my passion's food,
And all my lust of creature-good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise, no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray,
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee resolv'd t' obey,
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will than thine.

4 Reason, blind leader of the blind,
No more my sinking soul shall stay,

The

The wiſdom of the carnal mind,
That broken reed I caſt away,
And ſtand by truſting in thy might,
And follow thy unerring light.

5 All pow'r is thine in earth and heav'n,
All fulneſs dwells in thee alone;
Whate'er I had was freely giv'n,
Nothing but ſin I call my own,
Other propriety diſclaim,
Thou only art the great I AM.

6 Wherefore to thee I all reſign,
Being thou art, and good, and pow'r,
Thy only will be done, not mine;
Thee, Lord, let earth and heav'n adore,
Flow back the rivers to their ſea,
And let our all be loſt in thee.

CVI.

1 COME on, my partners in diſtreſs,
My comrades thro' the wilderneſs,
Who ſtill your bodies feel,
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celeſtial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and ſpace,
Look forward to that happy place,
The ſaints ſecure abode:
On faith's ſtrong eagle-pinions riſe,
And force your paſſage to the ſkies,
And ſcale the mount of God.

3 See, where the Lamb in glory ſtands,
Incircled with his radiant bands,
And join th' angelic pow'rs,
For all that height of glorious bliſs
Our everlaſting portion is,
And all that heav'n is ours.

4 Who ſuffers for our Maſter here,
We ſhall before his face appear,
And by his ſide ſit down:
To patient faith the prize is ſure,
And all, that to the end endure
The croſs ſhall wear the crown.

5 Thrice-bleſſed bliſs, inſpiring hope!
It lifts the fainting ſpirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here ſhall ſoon be paſt,
And you and I aſcend at laſt
Triumphant with our head.

6 That great myſterious Deity
We ſoon with open face ſhall ſee:
The beatific ſight
Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praiſe,
And wide diffuſe the golden blaze
Of everlaſting light.

7 The Father ſhining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit one and ſeven,
Conſpire our rapture to compleat,
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And ſilence heightens heav'n.

8 In hope of that extatic pauſe,
Jeſus, we now ſuſtain thy croſs,
And at thy footſtool fall,
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our raviſh'd ſpirits fill,
And God is all in all.

CVII.

1 HOW happy, gracious Lord, are we
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Whoſe hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude;
Our day is ſpent in doing good,
Our night in praiſe and pray'r.

2 With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemploy'd,
Or unimprov'd below;
Our wearineſs of life is gone,
Who lives to ſerve our God alone,
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night, and ſummer's day,
Glides imperceptibly away,
Too ſhort to ſing thy praiſe;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haſte to join thoſe heav'nly pow'rs
In everlaſting lays.

4 With all who chaunt thy name on high,
And holy, holy, holy cry,
A bright harmonious throng,

We

We long thy praiſes to repeat,
And reſtleſs ſing around thy ſeat
The new eternal ſong.

CVIII.

1 LIGHT of life, ſeraphic fire,
Love divine, thyſelf impart,
Ev'ry fainting ſoul inſpire,
Shine in ev'ry drooping heart,
Ev'ry mournful ſinner chear,
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear,
To thine human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heav'nly kingdom in;
Fill us with the glorious pow'r
Rooting out the ſeeds of ſin:
Nothing more can we requir:,
We will covet nothing leſs:
Thou art all our heart's deſire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

3 Whom but thee have we in heav'n,
Whom have we on earth but thee?
Only thou to us be giv'n,
All beſides is vanity:
Grant us love, we aſk no more,
Ev'ry other gift remove;
Pleaſure, fame, and wealth, and pow'r,
Still we all enjoy in love.

CIX.

1 COME, let us aſcend,
My companion and friend,
To a taſte of the banquet above:
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jeſus it pine,
Come up to the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jeſus confide,
We are bold to out-ride
The ſtorm of affliction beneath,
With the prophet we ſoar
To that heavenly ſhore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve,
By love we ſtill riſe
And look down on the ſkies:
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live
In the city of God the great King!
What a concert of praiſe
When our Jeſus's grace
The whole heavenly company ſing!

5 What a rapturous ſong,
When the glorify'd throng
In the ſpirit of harmony join!

Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM,
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

7 The Lamb on the throne
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads,
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the sight of his face,
Our beatify'd spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name,
Our bodies his glory display,
A day without night
We feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day.

CX.

1 O The length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of dying love!
Love that turns our faith to sight,
And wafts to heav'n above:

Pledge

Pledge of our poſſeſſion, this,
This which nature faints to bear;
Who ſhall then ſupport the bliſs,
The joy, the rapture there!

2 Fleſh and blood ſhall not receive
The vaſt inheritance;
God we cannot ſee and live
The life of feeble ſenſe;
In our weakeſt nonage, here,
Up into our head we grow,
Saints before our Lord appear,
And ripe for heav'n below.

3 We his image ſhall regain,
And to his ſtature riſe,
Riſe into a perfect man,
And then aſcend the ſkies,
Find our happy manſions there,
Strong to bear the joys above,
All the glorious weight to bear
Of everlaſting love.

CXI.

1 LIFT up your eyes of faith, and ſee
Saints and angels join'd in one,
What a countleſs company
Stands before yon dazling throne!
Each before his Saviour ſtands,
All in milk-white robes array'd,
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endleſs ſong,
Cry aloud in heav'nly lays,
Glory doth to God belong,
God the glorious Saviour praiſe,
All ſalvation from him came,
Him who reigns enthron'd on high,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Let the morning-ſtars reply.

3 Angel-pow'rs the throne ſurround,
Next the ſaints in glory they
Lull'd with the tranſporting ſound,
They their ſilent homage pay,
Proſtrate on their face before
God, and his Meſſiah fall,
Then in hymns of praiſe adore,
Shout the Lamb that dy'd for all.

4 Be it ſo, they all reply,
Him let all our orders praiſe,
Him that did for ſinners die,
Saviour of the favour'd race:
Render we our God his right,
Glory, wiſdom, thanks, and pow'r,
Honour, majeſty, and might,
Praiſe him, praiſe him evermore!

CXII.

1 WHAT are theſe array'd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day ſun,
Foremoſt of the ſons of light,
Neareſt the eternal throne?

Theſe

These are they that bore the croſs,
Nobly for their Maſter ſtood,
Suff'rers in his righteous cauſe,
Foll'wers of the dying God.

2 Out of great diſtreſs they came,
Waſh'd their robes, by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that waſhes white as ſnow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night,
God reſides among his own,
God doth in his ſaints delight.

3 More than conquerors at laſt,
Here they find their trials o'er,
They have all their ſuff'rings paſt,
Hunger now and thirſt no more;
No exceſſive heat they feel
From the ſun's directer ray,
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb ſhall always feed,
With the tree of life ſuſtain,
To the living fountains lead;
He ſhall all their ſorrows chace,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from ev'ry face,
Fill up ev'ry ſoul with love.

CXIII.

1 WHO is as the Chriſtian great,
Bought and waſh'd with ſacred blood?
Crowns he ſees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft, and walks with God.

2 Who is as the chriſtian bleſt?
He his nought for all hath giv'n,
Bought the Pearl of greateſt price,
Nobly barter'd earth for heav'n.

3 Who is as the chriſtian bleſt?
He has found the long-ſought ſtone,
He is join'd to Chriſt his reſt,
He and happineſs are one.

4 Earth and heav'n together meet,
Gifts in him and graces join,
Make the character compleat,
All immortal, all divine.

5 Lo! his cloathing is the Sun,
The bright Sun of righteouſneſs,
He hath put ſalvation on,
Jeſus is his beauteous dreſs.

6 Lo! he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above,
Leans on Jeſu's breaſt his head;
Feaſts for ever on his love.

7 Angels here his ſervants are,
Spread for him their golden wings,
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.

8 Who ſhall gain that heav'nly height,
Who his Saviour's face ſhall ſee?
I, who claim it in his right,
Chriſt hath bought it all for me.

CXIV.

Hymn of Praiſe, in a Dialogue.

1 RISE, O ye ſeed of David, riſe!
Daughters of Zion ſing:
'Up, ſons of Jacob, Jeſus praiſe,
'Salute th' auſpicious King.

2 Employ in ſweeteſt melody
Your conſecrated tongue:
'While we ſhall ſing in harmony,
'Join alſo in the ſong.

3 Your lamps, ye waiting virgins, trim,
For lo! the Bridegroom comes:
'Join with us, and our lays to him
'Shall be as rich perfumes.

4 Women of Iſrael, favour'd train,
Your humble maſter bleſs:
'Our Lord and yours, ye ſons of men,
'In joyful hymns confeſs.

5 Our ſouls are ready, and our tongue
Is tun'd to praiſe the Lamb:
'So ready is our ranſom'd throng
'To magnify his name!

6 Why ſtay we then? the Lord extol!
Zion, break forth in praiſe:
'Join ev'ry heav'nly-minded ſoul,
'In pure perpetual lays,

7 Open, ye everlaſting doors!
Divide, ye gates of bliſs!
'We with dominions, thrones, and pow'rs,
'Adore our Righteouſneſs!

8 Within your ſhining walls receive
Our praiſe, to Jeſus giv'n:
'Praiſe will we offer while we live,
'And when we join in heav'n.

9 Eternal Father, we adore,
And joyful own thy name:
'Thou waſt, and art, and evermore
'Remaineſt God the ſame!

10 To thee, Redeemer, Lamb of God,
We offer praiſe and bliſs:
'Through thy moſt precious wounds and
'blood,
'Came all our happineſs.

11 Hail, promis'd Spirit! Holy Ghoſt,
Sent down for Iſrael's guide:
'Thee will we bleſs when time is loſt,
'And we are glorify'd.

CXV.

CXV.

For a Feaſt of Charity, in a Dialogue.

1 DAMSELS, ariſe! and ye who chuſe
To marry with the Lamb:
'We other lovers hence refuſe,
'And all beſide diſclaim.

2 Then trim your lamps, your lamps prepare;
Here will the Bridegroom come:
'The good report we thankful hear;
'Our hearts ſhall make him room.

3 Come, Lord, and bleſs our feaſt to-day,
The gueſts are all thine own:
'Ev'n ſo, Amen! Lord, here diſplay
'Thy love, and reign alone.

CXVI.

At parting with a Miniſter.

1 TO-day we meet to take our leave
Of him by Jeſus ſent:
He takes away whom late he gave,
And we will be content.

2 Our ſcatter'd brethren yet unknown,
Muſt Jeſu's goſpel hear:
'Tis time the flocks were join'd in one,
The latter day is near.

3 Go then, dear ſhepherd, God obey,
The Lamb goes out before:
We for thy proſp'rous journey pray,
Go, and return in pow'r.

4 Go, if we never ſee thee hence,
Till time ſhall ceaſe to be:
We know with God's inheritance
We ſhall ſit down with thee.

5 Be not afraid to leave the herd,
Us to the Lamb commit;
Only beſeech our tender Lord
To keep us at his feet.

6 To diſtant countries, foreign lands,
Where-e'er the Saviour pleaſe:
Courageouſly go out, his hands
Shall bear thee back in peace.

7 Or if he call thee home before
Thou ſeeſt our face again,
'Tis very good, for evermore
With thee we ſoon ſhall reign.

8 Where-e'er the Lord th' apoſtles ſent,
He after always came:
He'll be with thee, be thou content,
Our Saviour is the ſame.

9 Eternal Jeſus, mind thy word;
Be careful of thy child:
Behold our brother, be thou, Lord,
His helmet, ſword, and ſhield.

10 Close by thy side thy servant keep,
Still hold him in thy hand;
Till him, and we, and all thy sheep,
Shall rest in our own land.

CXVII.

Humbled at Christ's Feet.

1 O Let our souls look back, and view
The dangers he has brought us thro':
Out of what straits, and misery,
Hath Jesus brought us tenderly?
Forget not this, our souls, think on his cross!
And do not, do not slight our Saviour thus:

2 Remember all his bloody sweat,
His wounded hands, his bleeding feet;
His agony, his cries, and tears;
His three-and-thirty suff'ring years:
Do we remember this? then how can we
So grieve the Lamb, and deal ungratefully?

3 Surely our souls can see their sin,
How very foolish they have been;
They fall at Jesu's feet, and prove
How he is full of grace and love:
Our souls repent, dear Lord, O give us pow'r,
Never, O never to displease thee more.

CXVIII.

Rejoicing in Liberty.

1 THE Spirit of the law of life
Has made us children free
From hell, and ſin, and fear, and ſtriſe,
And giv'n us liberty!

2 No condemnation we ſhall know,
For we in Jeſus are
Belov'd of God, and ſealed too,
In endleſs bliſs to ſhare.

3 The Lord is to his people come,
Our nature's pow'r is ſlain:
And, forc'd, makes our Emanuel room,
And owns his right to reign.

4 Go on, O King! nor let one foe,
One enemy ſurvive!
Humble our pride, our luſts ſubdue,
Nor let our paſſions live!

5 Let ev'ry wiſh, and ev'ry thought,
Which have not own'd thy ſway,
Down from its lofty ſeat be brought,
And trembling thee obey!

6 Let even ſin's in-being feel
The ſharpneſs of thy ſword:
Its roots tear up, its raging ſtill,
And let it know thee, Lord!

7 For

7 For thee, dear Saviour, thee alone,
Would we have ſin ſubdu'd:
O ſlay it, Lord, and tread it down,
And drown it in thy blood.

8 This only wait we for, and we
Shall join the church above;
Shall leave a ſinful world, and flee
To dwell in perfect love.

CXIX.

Society.

1 LORD, while below thy pilgrims ſtay,
Our dear Companion be:
Talk to us, Saviour, all the way,
Till we come up to thee.

2 Now, deareſt Advocate, be nigh,
Rejoicing ev'ry heart:
Nor leave thy children by and by,
When we riſe up to part.

3 Still bear us company, and we,
(The purchaſe of thy blood)
Will bleſs no other Lord but thee,
Thou true, thou only God!

CXX.

The Pilgrim's Hymn in a Dialogue.

1 TELL us, O women! we would know
Whither ſo faſt ye move?
'We, call'd to leave the world below,
'Are ſeeking one above.

2 Whence came ye? ſay—and what the place
That ye are travelling from?
'From tribulation, we thro' grace
'Are now returning home.

3 Is not your native country here,
The place of your abode?
'We ſeek a better country far,
'A city built by God.

4 Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that bliſs to reſt:
'Nor we, till in the Sinner's Friend
'Our weary ſouls are bleſs'd.

5 We ſurely know that we ſhall have
Our lot in Canaan's land:
'The witneſs us our Saviour gave,
'Seal'd with his bleeding hand.

6 Chriſt is in us a certain hope
Of glory yet to come:
'Alſo to us did Jeſus ſtoop
'T' aſſure us, there is room.

 7 Hail!

7 Hail! highly-favour'd women! ye
For endleſs heav'n deſign'd:
'Hail! ſons of Abrah'm, you ſhall be
'More bleſs'd than all mankind.

8 For you the Lamb, the Bridegroom waits,
His bride ſhall you be made:
'And you with us (within his gates)
'Shall join the Lord our Head.'

9 Friends of the Bridegroom we ſhall reign:
Saviour, we aſk no more:
'Hail, Lamb of God for ſinners ſlain!
'Whom heav'n and earth adore!'

CXXI.

The laſt Wiſh.

1 TO do, or not to do; to have,
Or not to have, I leave to thee:
To be, or not to be, I leave:
Thy only will be done in me:
All my requeſts are loſt in one,
Father, thy only will be done.

2 Suffice that for the ſeaſon paſt
Myſelf in things divine I ſought,
For comforts cry'd with eager haſte,
And murmur'd that I found them not:
I leave it now to thee alone,
Father, thy only will be done.

3 Thy gifts I clamour for no more,
Or ſelfiſhly thy grace require
An evil heart to varniſh o'er;
Jeſus the Giver I deſire,
After the fleſh no longer known:
Father, thy only will be done.

4 Welcome alike the crown or croſs;
Trouble I cannot aſk, nor peace,
Nor toil, nor reſt, nor gain, nor loſs,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor pain, nor eaſe,
Nor life, nor death; but ever groan,
Father, thy only will be done.

CXXII.

1 JESU, help thy fallen creature!
Conqu'ror of the world thou art,
Stronger than the fiend, and greater
Than this poor rebellious heart:
Pow'r, I know, to thee is given,
Pow'r to ſentence or releaſe,
Pow'r to ſhut, or open heaven;
Thou alone haſt all the keys.

2 Open then, in great compaſſion,
Open mercy's door to me,
Out of mighty tribulation
Bring me forth, thy face to ſee;
O cut ſhort my days of mourning,
Quickly to my reſcue come,
Let me ſuddenly returning
Reach my everlaſting home.

3 Hear me, Lord, myſelf bemoaning,
Baniſh'd from my native place,
Languiſhing for God, and groaning
To appear before thy face:
From this bodily oppreſſion
Set my earneſt ſpirit free,
Give me now the full poſſeſſion,
Let me now thy glory ſee.

4 If thou ever didſt diſcover
To my faith the promis'd land,
Bid me now the ſtream paſs over,
On that heav'nly border ſtand:
Now ſurmount whate'er oppoſes,
Into thine embraces fly;
Speak the word thou ſpak'ſt to Moſes,
Bid me to get up and die.

CXXIII.

For one departing.

1 HAPPY ſoul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the ſight of Jeſus go!
Waiting to receive thy ſpirit,
Lo! the Saviour ſtands above,
Shews the purchaſe of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle thro' thy lateſt paſſion
To thy dear Redeemer's breaſt,
To his uttermoſt ſalvation,
To his everlaſting reſt:
For the joy he ſets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain,
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

CXXIV.

1 AUTHOR of faith, we ſeek thy face,
For all who feel thy work begun;
Confirm, and ſtabliſh them in grace,
And bring thy feebleſt children on.

2 Thou ſeeſt their wants, thou know'ſt their names:
Be mindful of thy yongeſt care;
Be tender of thy new-born lambs,
And gently in thy boſom bear.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
With rav'ning wolves on ev'ry ſide;
Watch over them to tear, and ſlay,
If found one moment from their guide.

4 Satan his thouſand arts aſſays,
His agents all their pow'rs employ,
To blaſt the bloom ng work of grace,
The heav'nly offspring to deſtroy.

5 Baffle the crooked ſerpent's ſkill,
And turn his ſharpeſt dart aſide;
Hide from their eyes the dev'liſh ill,
O ſave them from the plague of pride.

6 The dreaming, viſionary fiend
Unmaſk, and drag to open light,
And let his wild illuſions end,
And chaſe him to eternal night.

7 In ſafety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and ſin ſecure;
And ſet their feet upon the Rock,
And make in thee their goings ſure.

8 From idol loves, and vain deſires.
O God, thy little children keep,
And fill their hearts with holy fires,
And lull them in thy arms to ſleep.

9 There let them lie ſecure, and take
Their reſt, and never thence remove,
Till in thy likeneſs they awake,
The glorious likeneſs of thy love.

CXXV.

For one in Priſon.

1 O Saviour of ſinners diſtreſt,
The ſighs of thy captive attend,
And ſuccour, to ſet him at reſt,
And ranſom his ſoul to the end:

Our brother, whose burthen we bear,
Whom into thy hands we resign,
Preserve with thy tendereſt care,
And seal him eternally thine.

2 Afflicted, and hated of men,
Of thee, and thy servants belov'd,
We see him with pity and pain,
From all his companions remov'd;
Whom present in spirit we find,
Him absent in body we mourn,
And long to be perfectly join'd,
And pray for his happy return.

3 O Father, who heareſt the pray'r,
Presented in Jesus's name,
The peaceable answer declare,
Confirm'd in the Blood of the Lamb;
We pray thee, for Jesus's sake,
The pris'ner of Jesus retrieve,
And give us his confessor back,
And all to thy glory receive.

CXXVI.

For the Watch-Night.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear!

Our caution'd ſouls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And ſtir us up to pray.

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
The awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majeſty, and pow'r,
Thou ſhalt from heav'n come down;
Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazling train,
With all his glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increaſe our gracious fears,
Forever let th' archangel's voice
Be ſounding in our ears
The ſolemn midnight-cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come,
"Ariſe, and meet him in the ſky,
"And meet your inſtant doom.

4 O! may we thus be found
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's ſound,
And looking for our Lord:
O! may we thus iuſure
Our lot among the bleſt,
And watch a moment, to ſecure
An everlaſting reſt.

CXXVII.

CXXVII.

Another.

1. I I am the man that have known
Diſtreſs by the ſtroke of his rod;
And ſtill through the anguiſh I groan,
And pine for the abſence of God:
The happy in Jeſus may ſleep:
But O till in me he appears,
Be this my employment to weep,
And water my couch with my tears.

2. Or rather, if any are nigh,
Forlorn, and afflicted like me,
All night let us lift up our cry,
And mourn his appearing to ſee,
(As watchmen expecting the morn)
Look out for the light of his face,
And wait for his mercy's return,
And long to recover his grace.

3. His grace to our ſouls did appear,
And brought us ſalvation from ſin;
We felt our Emanuel here,
Reſtoring his kingdom within:
But O! we have loſt him again,
His Spirit hath taken its flight,
Our joy it is turn'd into pain,
Our day it is turn'd into night.

4 O what ſhall we do to retrieve
The love for a ſeaſon beſtow'd!
'Tis better to die than to live
Exil'd from the preſence of God:
With ſorrow diſtracted, and doubt,
With palpable horror oppreſt,
The city we wander about,
And ſeek our repoſe in his breaſt.

5 Ye watchmen of Iſr'el, declare
If ye our Beloved have ſeen,
And point to that heavenly fair,
Surpaſſing the children of men:
Our Lover and Lord from above,
Who only can quiet our pain,
Whom only we languiſh to love,
O where ſhall we find him again!

6 The joy and deſire of our eyes,
The end of our ſorrow and woe,
Our hope, and our heavenly prize,
Our height of ambition below;
Once more if he ſhow us his face,
He never again will depart,
Detain'd in our cloſeſt embrace,
Eternally held in our heart.

CXXVIII.

Another.

1 O Jesus, the rest
Of spirits distrest,
In whom all the children of men may be
blest,
The blessing design'd
For the whole of mankind,
Give us in the love of thy Spirit to find.

2 For this do we keep
A sad vigil, atnd weep,
The fruit of our tears that in joy we may
reap;
While sent from above
The comfort we prove,
Th' unspeakable gift of thy ransoming love.

3 Our brethren we see
By mercy set free,
They've found the abundant redemption in
thee,
Thy tenders of grace
They gladly embrace,
And tell of thy goodness, and live to thy
praise.

4 But still we remain
In bondage and pain,
Unable to bear, or to shake off our chain;

In

In the furnace we cry,
Come, Lord, from the ſky,
Make haſte to our help, or in Egypt we die.

5 O Jeſus, appear
Thy mourners to chear,
Our grief to aſſuage, and to baniſh our fear;
Thy pris'ners releaſe,
Vouchſafe us thy peace,
And our troubles and ſins in a moment ſhall ceaſe.

6 That moment be now;
The petition allow,
Our preſent Rodeemer, and Comforter thou;
The freedom from ſin,
Th' atonment bring in,
And ſprinkle our conſcience, and bid us be clean.

7 Thy bleſſing of grace
Now let it take place,
The dew of thy mercy deſcend on our race;
Thy Spirit, O God,
Pour out on the croud,
And water us all with a ſhow'r of thy blood!

CXXIX.

Another.

1 HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's ſound,
Stand to your arms; the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell ſurround:
Who bow to Chriſt's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See on the mountain's top
The enſign of your God,
In Jeſu's name I lift it up,
All-ſtain'd with hallow'd blood:
His ſtandard-bearer I
To all the nations call,
Let all to Jeſu's croſs draw nigh;
He bore the croſs for all.

3 Ye who his call obey,
Behold the banner ſpread,
To cover in the evil day
His faithful ſoldier's head:
Be ſtrong in Jeſu's might;
The panoply divine
Put on, beneath his ſtandard fight,
And conquer in this ſign.

4 Go up with Chriſt, your head,
Your Captain's footſteps ſee,
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory:
All pow'r to him is giv'n,
He ever reigns the ſame,
Salvation, happineſs, and heav'n,
Are all in Jeſu's name.

5 Ye now have took the field,
And fearleſly march on,
Fight the good fight, hold faſt your ſhield,
Till Satan is caſt down:
Caſt down he ſoon ſhall be,
He ſhall, he ſhall ſubmit,
Compell'd with all his hoſt to flee
Or bruis'd beneath your feet.

6 Only have faith in God,
In faith your foes aſſail,
Not wreſtling againſt fleſh and blood,
But all the pow'rs of hell:
From thrones of glory driv'n,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heav'n,
And rule the lower world.

7 Angels your march oppoſe,
Who ſtill in ſtrength excel,
Your ſecret, ſworn, eternal foes,
Countleſs, inviſible;

With rage that never ends,
Their helliſh arts they try,
Legions of dire malicious fiends,
And ſpir'ts enthron'd on high.

8 On earth th' uſurpers reign,
Exert their baleful pow'r,
O'er the poor fallen ſons of men
They tyrannize their hour.
But ſhall believers fear?
But ſhall believers fly?
Or ſee the bloody croſs appear,
And all their pow'rs defy?

9 Jeſu's tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight!
Jeſus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A Lion is in fight:
By all hell's hoſt withſtood,
We all hell's hoſt o'erthrow,
And conqu'ring them thro' Jeſus blood,
We ſtill to conquer go.

10 Our Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the ſkies,
He reaches out a ſtarry crown,
And bids us take the prize;
"Be faithful unto death,
"Partake my victory,
"And thou ſhalt wear this glorious wreath,
"And thou ſhalt reign with me."

11 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To ev'ry ſoldier ſaith,
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith;
Who conquer in his might
The victor's meed receive,
And claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God is bound to give.

12 But let us all abide
Throughout the glorious war,
Till ev'ry ſoul is ſanctify'd,
And more than conqueror;
Till ev'ry perfect one
To heav'nly joys remove,
And ſit with Jeſus on his throne
Of everlaſting love.

CXXX.

Innocent Diverſions.

1 COME let us anew
Our pleaſures purſue:
For chriſtian delight
The day is too ſhort; let us borrow the night.
In ſanctify'd joy
Each moment employ,
To Jeſus's praiſe,
And ſpend and be ſpent in the triumph of grace.

2 The ſlaves of exceſs,
Their ſenſes to pleaſe,
Whole nights can beſtow,
And on in a circle of riot they go:
Poor prodigals they
The night into day
By revellings turn,
And all the reſtraints of ſobriety ſcorn.

3 The drunkards proclaim
At midnight their ſhame,
Their ſacrifice bring,
And loud to the praiſe of their maſter they ſing:
The helliſh deſires
Which Satan inſpires,
In ſonnets they breathe,
And ſhouting deſcend to the manſions of death.

4 The civiller croud,
In theatres proud,
Acknowledge his pow'r,
And ſatan in nightly aſſemblies adore:
To the maſque and the ball
They fly at his call;
Or in pleaſures excel,
And chaunt in a grove to the harpers of hell.

5 And ſhall we not ſing
Our Maſter and King
While men are at reſt,
With Jeſus admitted at midnight to feaſt?

Here

Here only we may
With innocence ſtay,
Th' enjoyment improve,
And abide at the banquet of Jeſus's love.

6 In him is beſtow'd
The ſpiritual food,
The manna divine,
And Jeſus's love is far better than wine:
With joy we receive
The bleſſing, and give,
By day and by night,
All thanks to the Source of our endleſs delight.

7 Our concert of praiſe
To Jeſus we raiſe,
And all the night long
Continue the new evangelical ſong:
We dance to the fame
Of Jeſus's name,
The joy it imparts
Is heaven begun in our muſical hearts.

8 Thus, thus we beſtow
Our moments below,
And ſinging remove,
With all the redeemed to Sion above:
There, there ſhall we ſtand
With our harps in our hand,
Interrupted no more,
And eternally ſing, and rejoice, and adore.

CXXXI.

1 PRis'ners of hope, arise,
And see your Lord appear;
Lo! on the wings of love he flies,
And brings redemption near!
Redemption in his blood
He calls you to receive;
Come unto me, the pard'ning God,
Believe, he cries, Believe.

2 The reconciling word
We thankfully embrace,
Rejoice in our redeeming Lord,
A blood besprinkled race:
We yield to be set free,
Thy counsel we approve,
Salvation, praise ascribe to thee,
And glory in thy love,

3 Jesus, to thee we look,
Till sav'd from sin's remains,
Reject the imbred tyrant's yoke,
And cast away his chains:
Our nature shall no more
O'er us dominion have;
By faith we apprehend the pow'r,
Which shall for ever save.

4 In ſure and ſtedfaſt hope
To be redeem'd below,
On to the holy mountain's top
We all exulting go:
We ſhall the prize receive,
We ſhall be all renew'd,
Regain thine image here, and live
The ſinleſs life of God.

CXXXII.

On the Death of a Widow.

1 GIVE glory to Jeſus our head,
With all that encompaſs his throne!
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in Iſr'el is gone:
The winter of trouble is paſt,
The ſtorms of affliction are o'er,
Her ſtruggle is ended at laſt,
And ſorrow and death are no more.

2 The ſoul hath o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the ſky,
Advanc'd to her happy eſtate,
And pleaſures that never ſhall die,
Where glorify'd ſpirits by ſight
Converſe in their holy abode,
As ſtars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God.

3 Inflam'd with ſeraphical love,
Combin'd in a manner unknown,
Not given in marriage above,
Or given to Jeſus alone:
The juſt, who admitted by grace
That firſt reſurrection attain,
With rapture each other embrace,
And one with the Deity reign.

4 O heav'n! what a triumph is there,
While all in his praiſes agree,
His beautiful character bear,
And ſhine with the glory they ſee!
The glory of God and the Lamb
(While all in the extaſy join)
Darts into their ſpiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment divine.

5 In loud Hallelujahs they ſing,
And harmony echoes his praiſe,
When lo! the celeſtial King
Pours out the full light of his face!
The joy neither angel nor ſaint
Can bear ſo ineffably great,
But ſee the whole company faint!
And heaven is found—at his feet!

CXXXIII.

CXXXIII.

The Marks of Faith.

1 HOW can a ſinner know
His ſins on earth forgiv'n?
How can my Saviour ſhew
My name inſcrib'd in heav'n?
What we ourſelves have felt, and ſeen,
With confidence we tell,
And publiſh to the ſons of men
The ſigns infallible.

2 We who in Chriſt believe
That he for us hath dy'd,
His unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood apply'd:
Exults for joy our riſing ſoul,
Diſburthen'd of her load,
And ſwells, unutterably full
Of glory, and of God.

3 His love, ſurpaſſing far
The love of all beneath;
We find within, and dare
The pointleſs darts of death:
Stronger than death, or ſin, or hell,
The myſtic pow'r we prove,
And conqu'rors of the world we dwell
In heav'n, who dwell in love.

4 The pledge of future bliſs
He now to us imparts,
His gracious Spirit is
The earneſt of our hearts:
We antedate the joys above,
We taſte th' eternal pow'rs,
And know that all thoſe heights of love,
And all thoſe heav'ns are ours.

5 Till he our life reveal,
We reſt in Chriſt ſecure:
His Spirit is the ſeal,
Which made our pardon ſure:
Our ſins his blood hath blotted out,
And ſign'd our ſoul's releaſe:
And can we of his favour doubt,
Whoſe blood declares us his?

6 We by his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which of his love
He hath on us beſtow'd:
Our God to us his Spirit gave,
And dwells in us we know,
The witneſs in ourſelves we have,
And all his fruits we ſhew.

7 The meek and lowly heart,
Which in our Saviour was,
He doth to us impart,
And ſigns us with his croſs:

Our

Our nature's courſe is turn'd, our mind
Transform'd in all its pow'rs,
And both the witneſſes are join'd
The Spirit of God with ours.

8 Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
Commands, we gladly do,
And guided by his word,
We all his ſteps purſue:
His glory is our ſole deſign,
We live our God to pleaſe,
And riſe with filial fear divine
To perfect holineſs.

CXXXIV.

1 COME, let us ariſe,
And preſs to the ſkies,
The ſummons obey,
My Friend, my Beloved, and haſten away!
The Maſter of all
For our ſervice doth call,
And deigns to approve,
With ſmiles of acceptance, our labour of love.

2 His burthen who bear,
We alone can declare
How eaſy his yoke,
While to love and good works we each other
provoke;

By

By word and by deed,
The bodies in need,
The ſouls to relieve,
And freely as Jeſus hath given to give.

3 Then let us attend
Our heavenly Friend,
In his members diſtreſt,
With want, or affliction, or ſickneſs oppreſt:
The pris'ner relieve,
The ſtranger receive,
Supply all their wants,
And ſpend and be ſpent in aſſiſting his ſaints.

4 Thus while we beſtow
Our moments below,
Ourſelves we forſake,
And refuge in Jeſus's righteouſneſs take:
His paſſion alone
Th' foundation we own,
And pardon we claim,
And eternal redemption in Jeſus's name.

CXXXV.

1 COME, my partner in the patience
Of our once afflicted King,
Out of all theſe tribulations
Riſe with me his praiſe to ſing:

For

For that happy day prepare,
And when our Deſire comes down,
Sure as now his croſs we ſhare,
We ſhall then obtain his crown.

2 When our lovely Lord appears,
Folding us in his embrace,
He ſhall wipe away the tears,
Kiſs the ſorrow from our face:
Tho' we in continual mourning
The ſhort night of life employ,
Joy ſhall come with Chriſt returning,
Heav'nly, everlaſting Joy.

3 O what cordial conſolation
Doth this bleſſed hope afford!
We ſhall gain his full ſalvation,
We ſhall meet our ſmiling Lord:
We ſhall ſoon appear before thee,
Shall the ſtars and ſun outſhine,
Shout among the ſons of glory,
All immortal, all divine.

4 Jeſus, our exalted Jeſus,
Cloath'd in light, ſhall bow the ſky,
Shall from all our griefs releaſe us,
All our wants at once ſupply:
Grief, and curſe, and death are over,
Pain and ſin no more moleſt,
When we once the port recover,
Land on our Redeemer's breaſt.

5 Shall we there in plaintive paſſion
Our diſaſtrous lot bewail,
There regret our ſeparation
For a moment in the vale?
Or in Chriſt again united,
Heart to heart, and ſoul to ſoul,
Triumph each in each delighted,
While eternal ages roll?

6 For this hope diſplay'd before us
Bear we now the deſtin'd croſs,
Waiting, till our Lord reſtore us,
Amply recompenſe our loſs,
Crown our ſoul's ſupreme ambition,
Bid us hand in hand aſcend,
Rapt into the bliſsful viſion
Of our everlaſting Friend.

CXXXVI.

Primitive Chriſtianity.

1 HAPPY the ſouls who firſt believ'd,
To Jeſus, and each other cleav'd,
Join'd by the unction from above,
In myſtic fellowſhip of love.

2 Meek, ſimple foll'wers of the Lamb,
They liv'd, and ſpake, and thought the
ſame;

Brake

Brake the commemorative bread,
And drank the Spirit of their head.

3 On God they caſt their ev'ry care,
Wreſtling with God in mighty pray'r,
They claim'd the grace, thro' Jeſus giv'n;
By pray'r they ſhut and open'd heav'n.

4 To Jeſus they perform'd their vows,
A little church in every houſe;
They joyfully conſpired to raiſe
Their ceaſeleſs ſacrifice of praiſe.

5 Propriety was there unknown,
None call'd what he poſſeſs'd his own;
Where all the common bleſſing ſhare,
No ſelfiſh happineſs was there.

6 With grace abundantly endu'd,
A pure, believing multitude;
They all were of one heart and ſoul,
And only love inſpired the whole.

CXXXVII.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou ſhalt hear
My voice aſcending high:
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Chriſt is gone
To plead for all his ſaints,
Preſenting at his Father's throne
Our Songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whoſe ſight
The wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right-hand.

4 But to thy houſe I will reſort,
To taſte thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worſhip in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteouſneſs!
Make ev'ry path of duty ſtrait,
And plain before my face.

CXXXVIII.

Psalm XV.

1 WHO ſhall aſcend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whoſe hands are pure, whoſe heart is clean,
Whoſe lips ſhall ſpeak the thing they mean;

No

No ſlanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 Scarce he believes an ill report,
Nor vents it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of ſtate he can deſpiſe,
But ſaints are honour'd in his eyes.

4 Firm to his word he ever ſtood,
And always makes his promiſe good;
Nor dares to change the thing he ſwears,
Whatever pain or loſs he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that juſtice ſhould be ſold:
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For thoſe that curſe him to his face:
And doth to all men ſtill the ſame
That he would hope or wiſh from them.

7 Yet when his holieſt works are done,
His ſoul depends on grace alone.
This is the man thy face ſhall ſee,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

CXXXIX.

Part of PSALM XIX.

1 THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ætherial ſky,
And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied ſun from day to day
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth.

4 Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What tho' in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the the dark terreſtrial ball;
What tho' nor real voice nor ſound
Amidſt their radiant orbs be found:

6 In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice:
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
The hand that made us is divine.

CXL.

Psalm XXIII.

1 AS the good Shepherd gently leads
His wand'ring flocks to dewy meads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amidst the verdant landskip flow.

2 So God, the guardian of my soul,
Does all my erring steps controul:
When lost in sin's perplexing maze,
He leads me back to virtuous ways.

3 Tho' I should journey thro' the plains,
Where death in all its horror reigns;
My stedfast heart no ill shall fear,
For thou, O Lord, art with me there.

4 By thee with peace and plenty blest,
My life is one continued feast:
Thy ever-watchful Providence
Is my support and my defence.

5 O bounteous God, my future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise;
And in thy house thy sacred name
And wond'rous grace shall be my theme.

6 Praise God from whom pure blessings flow,
Whose bowels yearn on all below;
Who would not have one sinner lost:
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

CXLI.

Psalm CIV.

1 DO thou, my ſoul, in ſacred lays,
Attempt the great Creator's praiſe:
But, O, what tongue can ſpeak his fame;
What mortal verſe can reach the theme!

2 Enthron'd amidſt the radiant ſpheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thouſand ſuns around him ſhine.

3 Before his throne a glittering band
Of ſeraphims and angels ſtand;
Ætherial ſpirits, who in flight
Outwing the active rays of light.

4 To God all nature owes it birth;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth:
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And ſtor'd it with the azure ſky.

5 In all our Maker's grand deſigns,
Omnipotence and wiſdom ſhines;
His works thro' all his wond'rous frame,
Bear the great impreſs of his name.

6 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my ſoul, his glories ſing;
And let his praiſe thy breath employ,
Till it expire in endleſs joy.

CXLII.

Psalm CXXXIX.

1 COULD I ſo falſe, ſo faithleſs prove,
To quit thy ſervice, and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy preſence ſhun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

2 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And ſatan groans beneath thy chains.

3 If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the weſtern ſea,
Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy fugitive.

4 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight
Beneath the ſpreading vail of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day.

5 The vail of night is no diſguiſe,
No ſcreen from thy all-ſearching eyes;
Thy hand can ſeize thy foes as ſoon
Thro' midnight ſhades as blazing noon.

6 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Nor death can hide what God can ſpy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

7 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

CXLIII.

Psalm CXLV.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How swift are thy compassions, Lord,
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To chear the souls he loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints who taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

6 Long

6 Long as I live I'll bleſs thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy ſhall be the ſame
In the bright world above.

CXLIV.

Thanſgiving for GOD's particular Providence.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

2 O how ſhall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my raviſh'd heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

3 Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in pray'r.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

6 When

6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a chearful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

10 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

11 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

12 Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

CXLV.

PSALM xiii. 2.

1 WHILE I am baniſh'd from thy houſe,
I mou rn in ſecret, Lord:
"When ſhall I come and pay my vows,
"And hear thy holy word?"

2 So while I dwell in bonds of clay,
Methinks my ſoul would groan,
"When ſhall I wing my heav'nly way,
"And ſtand before thy throne?"

3 I love to ſee my Lord below,
His church diſplays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

4 I love to worſhip at his feet,
Tho' ſin aſſaults me there;
But ſaints exalted near his ſeat
Have no aſſaults to fear.

5 I'm pleas'd to meet him in his court,
And taſte his heav'nly love;
But ſtill I think his viſits ſhort,
Or I too ſoon remove.

6 He ſhines, and I am all delight;
He hides, and all is pain:
When will he fix me in his ſig't,
And ne'er depart again?

CXLVI.

REV. xxii. 17,

1 THE church in her militant ſtate
Is weary, and cannot forbear,
The ſaints in an agony wait
To ſee him again in the air;
The Spirit invites in the bride
Her heavenly Lord to deſcend,
And place her enthron'd at his ſide
In glory that never ſhall end.

2 The news of his coming I hear,
And join in the catholic cry,
O Jeſus, in triumph appear,
Appear in the clouds of the ſky!
Whom only I languiſh to love,
With fulneſs of majeſty come,
And give me a manſion above,
And take to my heavenly home.

3 The thirſty are call'd to their Lord,
His glorious appearing to ſee:
And drawn by the pow'r of his word,
The promiſe, I know, is for me:
I thirſt for the ſtreams of thy grace,
I gaſp for the Spirit of love,
I long for a glimpſe of thy face,
And then to behold thee above.

4 Thy call I exult to obey,
And come in the ſpirit of pray'r,
Thy joy in that happieſt day,
Thy kingdom of glory to ſhare;
To drink the pure river of bliſs,
With life everlaſting o'erflow'd,
Implung'd in the chryſtal abyſs,
And loſt in an ocean of God!

5 A fountain of life and of grace
In Chriſt our Redeemer we ſee;
For us who his offers embrace,
For all it is open and free!
Jehovah himſelf doth invite
To drink of his pleaſures unknown,
The ſtreams of immortal delight,
That flow form his heavenly throne.

6 As ſoon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take,
And freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jeſus's ſake;
We gain a pure drop of his love,
The life of eternity know,
Angelical happineſs prove,
And witneſs an heaven below.

CXLVII.

Job xxix. 25.

1 THOU Man of affliction and love,
All pow'r and dominion is thine:
Thy throne is eſtabliſh'd above,
Thy throne upon earth is divine:
Thy word with authority give,
Preſcribe to thy people their way;
Thy law we attend to receive,
And chearfully bow to thy ſway.

2 Thy ſway among men to maintain,
Compaſſion and righteouſneſs meet;
Thy reign is a peaceable reign,
Thy ſeat is a merciful ſeat!
Great King in an army of ſaints,
The Friend of affliction thou art,
The life of a ſinner that faints,
The joy of my comforted heart.

CXLVIII.

Cant. i. 2.

1 JESUS, thy precious love I need,
The church's Huſband and her Head,
To me thy love impart;
I wait the reconciling kiſs,
Which ſeals in purity and peace
My pardon on my heart.

2 Unveil the beauties of thy face,
Thoſe bleſſed lips, replete with grace,
To my poor ſoul apply;
Ten thouſand thouſand kiſſes give,
And let me in thy favour live,
And in thy favour die.

CXLIX.

CANT. iii. 3.

1 O What ſhall I do to retrieve
The love for a ſeaſon beſtow'd?
'Tis better to die, than to live
Exil'd from the preſence of God:
With ſorrow diſtracted and doubt,
With palpable horror oppreſt,
The city I wander about,
And ſeek my repoſe in his breaſt.

2 Ye watchmen of Iſrael, declare
If ye my Beloved have ſeen,
And point to that heavenly Fair,
Surpaſſing the children of men:
My Lover and Lord from above,
Who only can quiet my pain,
Whom only I languiſh to love,
O where ſhall I find him again!

3 The joy and desire of mine eyes,
The end of my sorrow and woe,
My hope, and my heavenly prize,
My height of ambition below,
Once more if he shew me his face,
He never again shall depart,
Detain'd in my closest embrace,
Conceal'd in the depth of my heart.

CL.

Cant. v. 8.

YE daughters of Sion, declare
(When ye my beloved have found)
My burthen of sorrow and care.
My painful, incurable wound!
Ah, tell him, it cannot be heal'd,
Till Jesus appear from above;
I faint for his mercy reveal'd,
I die for a taste of his love!

CLI.

Isa. xxxiii. 17.

1 I Long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above,
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love:

I languish

I languiſh and die to be there
Where Jeſus hath fix'd his abode:
O when ſhall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Sion ſhall ſtand,
(For Jeſus hath ſpoken his word),
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord:
But when on thy boſom reclin'd
Thy face I am ſtrengthen'd to ſee,
My fulneſs of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

CLII.

ISA. xxxiii. 24.

1 HOW happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No ſickneſs or ſorrow ſhall prove:
Phyſician of ſouls, unto me
Forgiveneſs and holineſs give,
And then from the body ſet free,
And then to the city receive.

CLIII.

Isa. xliii. 3.

1 THOU wilt not cruſh the poor and weak,
Thy tender heart can never bear
A reed already bruis'd to break,
To plunge the fearful in deſpair,
Or aggravate a ſinner's load,
Or quench his fainteſt ſpark of good.

2 Rather thy loving Spirit divine
Shall raiſe the ſmoak into a flame,
Support this trembling ſoul of mine,
Till ſtrong I out of weakneſs am,
And as a ſpreading cedar riſe,
Meet for the garden of the ſkies.

3 Bear with me then, moſt patient Lord,
(This ſmoaking flax, this bruiſed reed)
Accompliſhing thy faithful word,
The heav'nly light, the hidden ſeed,
Bring forth, throughout my life to ſhine,
And prove thy righteouſneſs divine.

SACRAMENT HYMNS.

CLIV.

1 O Thou eternal Victim slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By th' eternal Spirit made
An offering in the sinner's stead,
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
And plead'st thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy off'ring still continues new,
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue,
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughter'd Lamb,
Thy priesthood still remains the same,
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move
But stand unshaken as thy love,
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, Who dies for me, for me.

CLV.

1 AH give me, Lord, my ſins to mourn,
My ſins which have thy body torn,
Give me with broken heart to ſee
Thy laſt tremendous agony,
To weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my ſorrows with thy blood.

2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And look upon the piteous ſight!
O that with Salem's daughters I
Might ſtand and ſee my Saviour die,
Smite on my breaſt and inly mourn,
But never from thy croſs return!

CLVI.

1 DYING Friend of ſinners, hear us
Humbly at thy croſs who lie,
In thine ordinance be near us,
Now th' ungodly juſtify;
Let thy bowels of compaſſion
To thy ranſom'd creatures move,
Shew us all thy great ſalvation,
God of truth, and God of love.

2 By thy meritorious dying
Save us from this death of ſin,
By thy precious blood applying
Make our inmoſt nature clean;
Give us worthily t' adore thee,
Thou our full Redeemer be,
Give us pardon, grace, and glory,
Peace, and pow'r, and heav'n in thee.

CLVII.

1 COME, thou everlaſting Spirit,
Bring to ev'ry thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his ſuff'rings for mankind;
True recorder of his paſſion,
Now the living faith impart,
Now reveal his great ſalvation,
Preach his goſpel to our heart.

2 Come, thou witneſs of his dying,
Come, Remembrancer divine,
Let us feel thy pow'r applying
Chriſt to ev'ry ſoul and mine;
Let us groan thine inward groaning,
Look on him we pierc'd and grieve,
All receive the grace atoning,
All the ſprinkled blood receive.

CLVIII.

1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and look
On the ſigns he did ordain!
Thus the Bread of life was broke,
Thus the Lamb of God was ſlain!
Thus was ſhed on Calvary
His laſt drop of blood for me!

2 See the ſlaughter'd Sacrifice,
See the altar ſtain'd with blood!
Crucify'd before our eyes
Faith diſcerns the dying God;
Dying that our ſouls might live,
Gaſping at his death, Forgive!

CLIX.

1 LAMB of God, whoſe bleeding love
We thus recall to mind.
Send the anſwer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee,
And ev'ry ſtruggling ſoul releaſe:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody ſweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our ſins away;

Burſt

Burſt our bonds, and ſet us free,
From all iniquity releaſe:
O remember, &c.

3 Let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
The ſinners pardon ſeal,
Speak us freely juſtify'd,
And all our ſickneſs heal:
By thy paſſion on the tree
Let all our griefs and troubles ceaſe:
O remember, &c.

4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveneſs on our heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our ſouls ſhall cry to thee
Till perfected in holineſs:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

CLX.

1 GOD of unexampled grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praiſe
We in thy paſſion find:
Still our choiceſt ſtrains we bring,
Still the joyful theme purſue;
Thee the Friend of ſinners ſing,
Whoſe love is ever new.

2 Never love nor ſorrow was
Like that my Jeſus ſhow'd;
See him ſtretch'd on yonder croſs,
And cruſh'd beneath our load!
Now diſcern the Deity,
Now his heav'nly birth declare!
Faith cries out, 'Tis he, 'tis he,
My God that ſuffers there.

3 Jeſus drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-preſs treads alone,
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan.
Lo! the pow'rs of heav'n he ſhakes;
Nature in convulſions lies,
Earth's profoundeſt centre quakes,
The great Jehovah dies!

4 O God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal ſmart!
See him hanging on the tree—
A ſight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too,
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

CLXI.

CLXI.

1 JESU, dear, redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying Word,
In thy ordinance appear,
Come, and meet thy foll'wers here.

2 In the rite thou haſt enjoin'd
Let us now our Saviour find,
Drink thy blood for ſinners ſhed,
Taſte thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare,
Thou that haſt for ſinners dy'd,
Shew thyſelf the crucify'd!

4 All the pow'r of ſin remove,
Fill us with thy perfect love,
Stamp us with the ſtamp divine,
Seal our ſouls for ever thine.

CLXII.

1 LORD of life, thy foll'wers ſee
Hungring, thirſting after thee,
At thy ſacred table feed,
Nouriſh us with living Bread.

2 Chear us with immortal Wine,
Heav'nly Suſtenance divine.
Grant us now a freſh ſupply,
Now relieve us, or we die.

CLXIII.

1 SAVIOUR, and can it be
That thou ſhouldſt dwell with me?
From thy high and lofty throne,
Throne of everlaſting bliſs,
Will thy Majeſty ſtoop down
To ſo mean an houſe as this?

2 I am not worthy, Lord,
So foul, ſo ſelf-abhorr'd,
Thee, my God, to entertain
In this poor polluted heart:
I am a frail ſinful man,
All my nature cries, depart!

3 Yet come, thou heav'nly Gueſt,
And purify my breaſt.
Come, thou great and glorious King,
While before thy croſs I bow,
With thyſelf ſalvation bring,
Cleanſe the houſe by ent'ring now.

CLXIV.

1 SON of God, thy bleſſing grant,
Still ſupply my every want,
Tree of life, thine influence ſhed,
With thy ſap my ſpirit feed.

2 Tend'reſt

2 Tend'reſt branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee and die,
Weak as helpleſs infancy,
O confirm my ſoul in thee.

3 Unſuſtain'd by thee I fall
Send the ſtrength for which I call;
Weaker than a bruiſed reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me, ſave me to the end,
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlaſting praiſe.

CLXV.

1 THOU very paſchal Lamb,
Whoſe blood for us was ſhed,
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came;
Thy ranſom'd people lead.

2 Angel of goſpel-grace,
Fulfil thy character,
To guard and feed the choſen race,
In Iſrael's camp appear.

3 Throughout the deſart-way
Conduct us by thy light,
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A chearing fire by night.

4 Our fainting ſouls ſuſtain
With bleſſings from above,
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

CLXVI.

1 O GOD of truth and love,
Let us thy mercy prove:
Bleſs thine ordinance divine,
Let it now effectual be,
Anſwer all its great deſign,
All its gracious ends in me.

2 O might thy ſacred word
Set forth our dying Lord,
Point us to thy ſuff'rings paſt,
Preſent grace and ſtrength impart,
Give to our raviſh'd ſouls a taſte,
Pledge of Glory in our heart.

3 Come in thy Spirit down,
Thine inſtitution crown,
Lamb of God as ſlain appear,
Life of all believers thou,
Let us now perceive thee near,
Come, thou hope of glory, now.

CLXVII.

CLXVII.

1 HOW long, thou faithful God, ſhall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie,
When ſhall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me!

2 Sinners on ev'ry ſide ſtep in,
And waſh away their pain and ſin,
But I an helpleſs ſin-ſick ſoul
Still lie expiring at the pool.

3 In vain I take the broken bread,
I cannot on thy mercy feed:
In vain I drink the hallow'd wine,
I cannot taſte the love divine.

4 Angel and Son of God, come down,
Thy ſacramental banquet crown,
Thy pow'r into the means infuſe,
And give them now their ſacred uſe.

5 Thou ſeeſt me lying at the pool,
I would, thou know'ſt, I would be whole,
O let the troubled waters move,
And miniſter thy healing love.

6 Break to me now the hallow'd bread,
And bid me on thy body feed,
Give me the wine, Almighty God,
And let me drink thy precious blood.

7 Surely

Surely if thou the ſymbols bleſs,
The cov'nant blood ſhall ſeal my peace,
Thy fleſh e'en now ſhall be my food,
And all my ſoul be fill'd with God.

CLXVIII.

1 LORD, if now thou paſſeſt by us,
Stand and call us unto thee,
Freely, fully juſtify us,
Give us eyes thy love to ſee,
Love that brought thee down from heaven,
Made our God a man of grief;
Let it ſhew our ſins forgiven;
Help, O help our unbelief.

2 Long we for thy love have waited,
Begging ſat by the way ſide,
Still we are not new-created,
Are not wholly ſanctify'd:
Thou to ſome in great compaſſion
Haſt in part their ſight reſtor'd,
Shew us all thy full ſalvation,
Make the ſervants as their Lord.

CLXIX.

AND ſhall I let him go?
If now I do not feel
The ſtreams of living water flow,
Shall I forſake the well?

2 Be-

2 Becauſe he hides his face,
Shall I no longer ſtay,
But leave the channels of his grace,
And caſt the means away?

3 Get thee behind me, fiend,
On others try thy ſkill,
Here let thy helliſh whiſpers end,
To thee I ſay, Be ſtill!

4 Jeſus hath ſpoke the word,
His will my reaſon is,
Do this in mem'ry of thy Lord,
Jeſus hath ſaid, "Do this!"

5 He bids me eat the bread,
He bids me drink the wine;
No other motive, Lord, I need,
No other word than thine.

6 I chearfully comply
With what my Lord doth ſay,
Let others aſk a reaſon why,
My glory is t' obey.

7 His will is good and juſt:
Shall I his will withſtand?
If Jeſus bids me lick the duſt,
I bow at his command:

8 Becauſe he ſaith, "Do this,"
This I will always do,
Till Jeſus comes in glorious bliſs
I thus his death will ſhew.

CLXX.

CLXX.

1 AH give us, Saviour, to partake
The ſuff'rings which this emblem ſhews,
Thy fleſh our food immortal make,
Thy blood which in this channel flows
In all its benefits impart,
And ſanctify our ſprinkled heart.

2 For all that joy which now we taſte
Our happy hallow'd ſouls prepare,
O let us hold the earneſt faſt,
This pledge that we thy heav'n ſhall ſhare,
Shall drink it new with thee above,
The wine of thy eternal love.

CLXXI.

1 AND can we call to mind
The Lamb for ſinners ſlain,
And not expect to find
What he for us did gain,
What God to us in him hath giv'n,
Pardon, and holineſs, and heav'n?

2 We

2 We now forgiveneſs have,
We feel his work begun,
And he ſhall fully ſave,
And perfect us in one,
Shall ſoon in all his image dreſt
Receive us to the marriage-feaſt.

3 This token of thy love
We thankfully receive,
And hence with joy remove
With thee in heav'n to live,
There, Lord, we ſhall thy pledge reſtore,
And live to praiſe thee evermore.

CLXXII.

1 ALL praiſe to the Lord,
All praiſe is his due,
To-day is his word
Of promiſe found true;
We, we are the nation
Preſented to God,
Well-pleaſing oblations
Thro' Jeſus's blood.

2 Poor Heathens from far
To Jeſus we came,
And offer'd we are
To God thro' his name,
To God thro' the Spirit
Ourſelves do we give,
And ſav'd by the merit
Of Jeſus we live.

CLXXIII.

1 FATHER, let the ſinner go,
The Lamb did once atone,
Lo! we to thy juſtice ſhew
The paſſion of thy Son;
Thus to thee we ſet it forth:
He the dying precept gave,
He that hath ſufficient worth
A thouſand worlds to ſave.

2 Can thy juſtice aught reply
To our prevailing plea?
Jeſus dy'd the grace to buy
For all mankind, and me;
Still before thy righteous throne
Stands the Lamb as newly ſlain:
Canſt thou turn away thy Son,
Or let him bleed in vain?

3 Still the wounds are open wide,
The blood doth freely flow,
As when firſt his ſacred ſide
Receiv'd the deadly blow:
Still, O God, the blood is warm,
Cover'd with the blood we are;
Find a part it doth not arm,
And ſtrike the ſinner there!

CLXXIV.

1 COME, thou Spirit of contrition,
Fill our ſouls with tenders fears;
Conſcious of our loſt condition,
Melt us into gracious tears:
Juſt and holy deteſtation
Of our boſom ſins impart,
Sins that caus'd our Saviour's paſſion,
Sins that ſtabb'd him to the heart.

2 Fill our fleſh with killing anguiſh,
All our members crucify,
Let th' offending nature languiſh
Till on Jeſu's croſs it die;
All our ſins to death deliver,
Let not one, not one ſurvive;
Then we live to God for ever,
Then in heav'n on earth we live.

CLXXV.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celeſtial hoſt
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n!

2 Vileſt of the fallen race,
Lo! I anſwer to thy call,
Meaneſt veſſel of thy grace,
(Grace divinely free for all)
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counſel to fulfil.

3 If ſo p or a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions ſanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive:
Claim me for thy ſervice, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my ſoul and body's pow'rs,
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and ſpeak, and do;
Take my heart—but make it new.

5 Now, O God, thy own I am,
Now I give thee back thy own,
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Conſecrate to thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I;
Happier ſtill, for thine I die.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celeſtial hoſt,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

CLXXVI.

1 ALL glory and praiſe
To Jeſus our Lord!
His ranſoming grace
We gladly record:
His bloody oblation
And death on the tree,
Hath purchas'd ſalvation
And heaven for me.

2 The Saviour hath dy'd
For me and for you,
The blood is apply'd,
The record is true;
The Spirit bears witneſs,
And ſpeaks in the blood,
And gives us the fitneſs
For living with God.

FESTIVAL HYMNS.

CLXXVII.

CHRISTMAS.

1 YE ſimple men of heart ſincere,
Shepherds who watch your flocks by night,
Start not to ſee an angel near,
Nor tremble at this glorious light.

2 An herald from the heav'nly King
I come your ev'ry fear to chaſe;
Good tidings of great joy I bring,
Great joy to all the fallen race!

3 To you is born on this glad day
A Saviour by our hoſt ador'd,
Our God in Bethlehem ſurvey,
Make haſte to worſhip Chriſt the Lord.

4 By this bleſt Saviour of mankind
Th' incarnate God ſhall be diſplay'd,
The babe ye wrapp'd in ſwathes ſhall find,
And humbly in a manger laid.

CLXXVIII.

1 JOIN all ye joyful nations
Th' acclaiming hosts of heaven!
This happy morn
A child is born,
To us a Son is given.

2 The messenger and token
Of God's eternal favour,
God hath sent down
To us his Son,
An universal Saviour!

3 The wonderful Messias,
The joy of ev'ry nation,
Jesus his name,
With God the same,
The Lord of all creation:

4 The counsellor of sinners,
Almighty to deliver,
The prince of peace,
Whose love's increase
Shall reign in man for ever.

5 Go see the King of glory,
Discern the heav'nly stranger,
So poor and mean
His court an inn,
His cradle is a manger.

6 Who from his Father's hoſom
But now for us deſcended,
Who built the ſkies,
On earth he lies,
With only beaſts attended.

7 Who all the angels worſhip,
Lies hid in human nature;
Incarnate ſee
The Deity,
The infinite Creator.

8 See the ſtupendous bleſſing
Which God to us hath given!
A child of man,
In length a ſpan,
Who fills both earth and heaven.

9 Gaze on that helpleſs object
Of endleſs adoration!
Thoſe infant-hands
Shall burſt our bands,
And work out our ſalvation:

10 Strangle the crooked ſerpent,
Deſtroy his works for ever,
And open ſet
The heav'nly gate,
To evr'y true believer.

11 Till then, thou holy Jeſus,
We humbly bow before thee,
Our treaſures bring,
To ſerve our King,
And joyfully adore thee.

12 To thee we gladly render
Whate'er thy grace hath given,
Till thou appear
In glory here,
And take us up to heaven.

CLXXIX.

1 ALL glory to God,
And peace upon earth,
Be publish'd abroad
At Jesus's birth;
The forfeited favour
Of heaven we find
Restor'd in the Saviour
And Friend of mankind.

2 Then let us behold
Messias the Lord,
By prophets foretold,
By angels ador'd;
Our God's incarnation
With angels proclaim,
And publish salvation
In Jesus's name.

3 Our newly-born King
By faith we have seen,
And joyfully sing
His goodness to men;
That all men may wonder
At what we impart,
And thankfully ponder
His love in their heart.

4 What

4 What mov'd the Moſt High
So greatly to ſtoop?
He comes from the ſky
Our ſouls to lift up;
That ſinners forgiven
Might ſinleſs return
To God and to heaven;
Their Maker is born.

CLXXX.

1 AWAY with our fears;
The Godhead appears
In Chriſt reconcil'd,
The Father of mercies in Jeſus the child.

2 He comes from above,
In manifeſt love,
Th' deſire of our eyes,
The meek Lamb of God in a manger he lies.

3 At Immanuel's birth
What a triumph on earth!
Yet could it afford
No better a place for its heavenly Lord.

4 The Ancient of days,
To redeem a loſt race,
From his glory comes down,
Self-humbled to carry us up to a crown;

5 Made

5 Made flesh for our sake,
That we might partake
The nature divine,
And again in his image, his holiness shine;

6 An heavenly birth
Experience on earth,
And rise to his throne,
And live with our Jesus eternally one.

7 Then let us believe,
And gladly receive
The tidings they bring,
Who publish to sinners their Saviour and king.

8 And while we are here,
Our King shall appear,
His Spirit impart,
And form his full image of love in our heart.

CLXXXI.

1 FATHER, our hearts we list
Up to thy gracious throne,
And bless thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son!
The gift unspeakble
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.

2 Jesus, the holy child,
Doth by his birth declare,

That

That God and man are reconcil'd,
And one in him we are,
Salvation thro' his name
To all mankind is giv'n,
And loud his infant-cries proclaim
A peace 'twixt earth and heav'n.

3 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more ſhall end:
The Lord of hoſts, the King of kings,
Declares himſelf our Friend,
Aſſumes our fleſh and blood,
That we his Spir't may gain,
The everlaſting Son of God,
The mortal Son of man.

4 His kingdom from above
He doth to us impart,
And pure benevolence and love
O'erflow the faithful heart:
Chang'd in a moment we
The ſweet attraction find,
With open arms of charity
Embracing all mankind.

5 O might they all receive
The new-born Prince of peace,
And meekly in his Spirit live,
And in his love increaſe!
Till he convey us home,
Cry ev'ry ſoul aloud,
Come, thou Deſire of nations, come,
And take us all to God!

CLXXXII.

1 COME, thou long-expected Jeſus,
Born to ſet thy people free,
From our ſins and fears relieve us,
Let us find our reſt in thee:
Iſrael's ſtrength and conſolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art,
Dear Deſire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring;
By thine own eternal Spirit
Ruſe in all our hearts alone,
By thine all-ſufficient merit
Raiſe us to thy glorious throne.

CLXXXIII.

1 ALL glory to God in the ſky,
And peace upon earth be reſtor'd!
O Jeſus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord:
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didſt ſtoop to redeem a loſt race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in our fleſh didſt appear;
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth;

Aroſe

Aroſe the acceptable year,
And heaven was open on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bleſs
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

3 O wouldſt thou again be made known,
Again in thy Spirit deſcend,
And ſet up in each of thine own
A kingdom that never ſhall end!
Thou only art able to bleſs,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity ceaſe,
And bow the whole world to thy ſway.

4 Come then to thy ſervants again,
Who long thy appearing to know,
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy eſtabliſh below;
All ſorrow before thee ſhall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er,
And envy and malice ſhall die,
And diſcord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarm of fierce war
Shall break our eternal repoſe,
No ſound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jeſus's Spirit o'erflows:
Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
We all ſhall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a paſſion like thine.

CLXXXIV.

New-year's-Day.

1 WISDOM aſcribe, and might, and praiſe,
To God, who lengthens out our days,
Who ſpares us yet another year,
And lets us ſee his goodneſs here;
Happy and wiſe, the time redeem,
And live, my friends, and die to him.

2 How often, when his arm was bar'd,
Hath he our ſinful Iſr'el ſpar'd!
"Let them alone," his mercy cry'd,
And turn'd the vengeful bolt aſide;
Indulg'd another kind reprieve,
And ſtrangely ſuffer'd us to live.

3 Laid to the root with conſcious awe,
But now the threat'ning ax we ſaw,
We ſaw when Jeſus ſtept between,
To part the puniſhment and ſin,
He pleaded for the blood-bought race,
And God vouchſaf'd a longer ſpace!

4 Still in the doubtful balance weigh'd,
We trembled, while the Remnant pray'd:
The Father hear'd his Spirit groan,
And anſwer'd mild, It is my Son!
He let the pray'r of faith prevail,
And mercy turn'd the hov'ring ſcale.

5 Merciful God, how ſhall we raiſe
Our hearts to pay thee all thy praiſe?
Our hearts ſhall beat for thee alone,
Our lives ſhall make thy goodneſs known,
Our ſouls and bodies ſhall be thine,
A living ſacrifice divine.

6 I, and my houſe will ſerve the Lord,
Led by the Spirit, and the word;
We plight our faith, aſſembled here,
To ſerve our God th' enſuing year,
And vow, when time ſhall be no more,
Thro' all eternity t' adore.

CLXXXV.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly ſolemn ſound,
Let all the nations know
To earth's remoteſt bound
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

2 Jeſus, our great High-Prieſt,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary ſpirits, reſt;
Ye mournful ſouls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

4 Ye ſlaves of ſin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And ſafe in Jeſus dwell,
And bleſt in Jeſus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

5 Ye who have ſold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jeſu's love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return'd, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

6 The goſpel-trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace,
And ſav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal home.

CLXXXVII.

1 ALL praiſe to the Lord
Whoſe trumpet we hear,
Which ſpeaks in his word
The feſtival year:
The loud proclamation
Of freedom from thrall,
And goſpel-ſalvation
Is publiſh'd to all.

2 The year of releaſe
Ev'n now is begun,
And pardon and peace
With Jeſus ſent down:
Eternal redemption
Thro' him we obtainn
And preſent exemption
From paſſionate pain.

3 Ye ſpirits enſlav'd,
Your liberty claim;
Believe, and be ſav'd
Thro' Jeſus's name:
That infinite Lover
Of ſinners embrace,
And gladly recover
His forfeit grace.

4 With joyful left news
Your prisons resound,
Your fetters are oose,
Your souls are unbound:
Resume the possession
For which ye were born,
From satan's oppression
To heaven return.

CLXXXVII.

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless days,
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And scares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare
Another, and another year.

3 When Justice bar'd the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd, Let it still alone!
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jeſus, thy ſpeaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer ſpace,
Thou didſt in our behalf appear,
And lo, we ſee another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praiſe abound,
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

CLXXXVIII.

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praiſe!
All praiſe to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choiceſt ſongs:
Whoſe providence hath brought us thro'
Another various year,
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies paſt we own,
Thy ſtill-continued care,
To thee preſenting thro' thy Son
Whate'er we have, or are;
Our lips and lives ſhall gladly ſhew
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jeſu's ſteps we go
To ſee thy face above.

3 Our reſidue of days and hours
Thine, wholly thine ſhall be,
And all our conſecrated pow'rs
A ſacrifice to thee:
Till Jeſus in the clouds appear
To ſaints on earth forgiv'n,
And brings the grand ſabbatic year,
The jubilee of heav'n.

CLXXXIX.

EASTER.

1 SINNERS, diſmiſs your fear,
The joyful tidings hear!
This the word that Jeſus ſaid,
O believe, and feel it true,
Chriſt is riſen from the dead,
Lives the Lord who dy'd for you!

2 Haſte to his tomb repair,
And ſee the token there;
See the place where Jeſus lay,
Mark the burial-clothes he wore:
Angels near his relics ſtay,
Guards of him who dies no more.

3 Why then art thou caſt down,
Thou poor afflicted-one?
Full of doubts, and griefs, and fears,
Look into that open grave!
Dy'd he not to dry thy tears!
Roſe he not thy ſoul to ſave?

4 Know'ſt thou not where to find
The Saviour of mankind!
He hath borne himſelf away,
He from death himſelf hath freed,
He on the third glorious day
Roſe triumphant from the dead.

5 To purge thy guilty ſtain
He dy'd, and roſe again:
Wherefore doſt thou weep and mourn?
Sinner, lift thine heart and eye,
Turn thee, to thy Jeſus turn,
See thy loving Saviour nigh.

6 He comes, his own to claim,
He calls thee by thy name:
Drooping ſoul, rejoice, rejoice,
See him there to life reſtor'd!
Mary—know thy Saviour's voice,
Hear it, and reply, My Lord!

CXC.

1 HAPPY Magdalene, to whom
Chriſt the Lord vouchſaf'd t' appear!
Newly riſen from the tomb,
Would he firſt be ſeen by her?
Her by ſeven devils poſſeſt,
Till his word the fiends expell'd;
Quench'd the hell within her breaſt,
Teach the teachers of mankind.

2 Yes,

2 Yes, to her the Maſter came,
First his welcome voice ſhe hears:
Jeſus calls her by her name,
He the weeping ſinner chears,
Lets her the dear taſk repeat,
While her eyes again run o'er,
Lets her waſh his bleeding feet,
Kiſs them, and with joy adore.

3 Highly-favour'd ſoul! to her
Farther ſtill his grace extends,
Raiſes the glad meſſenger,
Sends her to his drooping friends:
Tidings of their living Lord
First in her report they find:
She muſt ſpread the goſpel-word,
All her ſins and ſickneſs heal'd.

4 Who can now preſume to fear?
Who deſpair his Lord to ſee?
Jeſus, wilt thou not appear,
Shew thyſelf alive to me?
Yes, my God, I dare not doubt,
Thou ſhalt all my ſins remove;
Thou haſt caſt a legion out,
Thou wilt perfect me in love.

5 Surely thou haſt call'd me now!
Now I hear the voice divine,
At thy wounded feet I bow,
Wounded for whoſe ſins but mine!

I have

I have nail'd him to the tree,
I have ſent him to the grave!
But the Lord is ris'n for me,
Hold of him by faith I have.

6 Here for ever would I lie,
Didſt thou not thy ſervant raiſe?
Send me forth to teſtify
All the wonders of thy grace.
Lo! I at thy bidding go,
Gladly to thy foll'wers tell
They their riſing God may know,
They the life of Chriſt may feel.

7 Hear, ye brethren of the Lord,
(Such he you vouchſafes to call)
O believe the goſpel-word,
Chriſt hath dy'd, and roſe for all:
Turn ye from your ſins to God,
Haſte to Galilee, and ſee,
Him, who bought thee with his blood,
Him, who roſe to live in thee.

CXCI.

1 JESUS, the riſing Lord of all,
His love to man commends,
Poor worms he bluſhes not to call
His brethren and his friends.

2 Who baſely all forſook their Lord
In his diſtreſs, and fled,
To theſe he ſends the joyful word,
When riſen from the dead.

3 Go

3 Go tell the vile deſerters !—No;
My deareſt brethren tell,
Their Advocate to heav'n I go,
To reſcue them from hell.

4 Lo ! to my Father I aſcend;
Your Father now is he,
My God, and yours, who'ere depend
For endleſs life on me.

5 Henceforth I ever live above
For you to intercede,
The merit of my dying love,
For all mankind to plead.

6 Sinners, I roſe again to ſhew
Your ſins are all forgiv'n,
And mount above the ſkies, that you
May follow me to heav'n.

CXCII.

1 COME then, thou Prophet of the Lord,
Thou great interpreter divine,
Explain thine own tranſmitted word;
To teach, and to inſpire is thine.
Thou only canſt thyſelf reveal,
Open the book, and looſe the ſeal.

2 Whate'er the ancient prophets ſpoke
Concerning thee, O Chriſt, make known,
Sole ſubject of the ſacred book,
Thou filleſt all, and thou alone;

Yet

Yet there our Lord we cannot ſee,
Unleſs thy Spirit lends the key.

3 Now, Jeſu, now the veil remove,
The folly of our darken'd heart;
Unfold the wonders of thy love,
The knowledge of thyſelf impart;
Our ear, our inmoſt ſoul we bow;
Speak, Lord; thy ſervants hearken now.

4 Make not as thou would'ſt farther go,
Our Friend, and Counſellor, and Guide,
But ſtay, the path of life to ſhew,
Still with our ſouls vouchſafe t' abide,
Conſtrain'd by thy own mercies, ſtay,
Nor leave us at our cloſe of day.

5 Come in, with thy diſciples ſit,
Nor ſuffer us to aſk in vain.
Nouriſh us, Lord, with living meat,
Our ſouls with heav'nly bread ſuſtain;
Break to us now the myſtic bread,
And bid us on thy body feed.

6 Honour the means ordain'd by thee,
The great unbloody ſacrifice,
The deep tremendous myſtery;
Thyſelf in our enlighten'd eyes
Now in the broken bread make known,
And ſhew us thou art all our own.

CXCIII.

CXCIII.

1 JESU, ſhew us thy ſalvation,
(In thy ſtrength, we ſtrive with thee)
By thy myſtic incarnation,
By thy pure nativity,
Save us, thou, our New-Creator,
Into all our ſouls impart
Thy divine, unſinning nature,
Form thyſelf within our heart.

2 By thy firſt blood-ſhedding heal us;
Cut us off from ev'ry ſin,
By thy circumciſion ſeal us,
Write thy law of love within;
By thy Spirit circumciſe us,
Kindle in our hearts a flame;
By thy baptiſm now baptize us
Into all thy glorious name.

3 By thy faſting and temptation
Mortify our vain deſires,
Take away what ſenſe or paſſion,
Appetite or fleſh requires:
Arm us with thy ſelf-denial,
Ev'ry tempted ſoul defend,
Save us in the fiery trial,
Make us faithful to the end.

4 By thy ſorer ſuff'rings ſave us,
Save us when conform'd to thee,
By thy miſeries relieve us,
By thy painful agony;
When beneath thy frown we languiſh,
When we feel thine anger's weight,
Save us by thine unknown anguiſh,
Save us by thy bloody ſweat.

5 By that higheſt point of paſſion,
By thy ſuff'ring on the tree,
Save us from the indignation
Due to all mankind, and me:
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
Gaſping out thy lateſt breath,
By thy precious death's applying
Save us from eternal death.

6 From the world of care releaſe us,
By thy decent burial ſave,
Crucify'd with thee, O Jeſus,
Hide us in thy quiet grave:
By thy pow'r divinely glorious,
By thy reſurrection's pow'r,
Raiſe us up, o'er ſin victorious,
Raiſe us up to fall no more.

7 By the pomp of thine aſcending,
Live we here to heav'n reſtor'd,
Live in pleaſures never ending,
Share the portion of our Lord:

Let

Let us have our converſation
With the bleſſed ſpirits above,
Sav'd with all thy great ſalvation,
Perfectly renew'd in love.

8 Glorious Head, triumphant Saviour,
High enthron'd above all height,
We have now thro' thee found favour,
Righteous in thy Father's ſight:
Hears he not thy pray'r unceaſing?
Can he turn away thy face?
Send us down the purchas'd bleſſing,
Fulneſs of the goſpel-grace.

9 By the coming of thy Spirit,
As a mighty ruſhing wind,
Save us into all thy merit,
Into all thy ſinleſs mind:
Let the perfect gift be given,
Let thy will in us be ſeen,
Done in earth as 'tis in heaven:
Lord, thy Spirit cries Amen!

CXCIV.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore,
Mortals, give thanks, and ſing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I ſay, rejoice.

2 Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love,
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I ſay, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jeſus giv'n:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I ſay, rejoice.

4 He ſits at God's right-hand,
Till all his foes ſubmit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I ſay, rejoice.

5 He all his foes ſhall quell,
Shall all our ſins deſtroy,
And ev'ry boſom ſwell
With pure ſeraphic joy;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again, I ſay, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jeſus the judge ſhall come
And take his ſervants up
To their eternal home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God ſhall ſound, Rejoice.

CXCV.

CXCV.

1 O JESUS, our King,
Thy glory we ſing,
Thy riſing declare,
And join in the pomp, and the benefit ſhare.

2 Thy conqueſt we feel
O'er death and o'er hell,
Redeem'd from the grave,
We're bold to proclaim thee almighty to ſave.

3 We know that our Head
Is riſen indeed,
Thy record receive,
And rais'd by the pow'r of thy Spirit do live.

4 Thy Spirit atteſts
The truth in our breaſts,
Thy witneſs imparts
The firſt reſurrection of faith to our hearts.

5 Thou'ſt conquer'd beneath
The ſharpneſs of death,
Our ſouls to retrieve,
And open the kingdom to all that believe.

6 Believing on thee,
We riſe from the tree,
And heavenward move,
And fly to thy throne on the wings of thy love.

7 Thy love that o'ercame
Our ſorrow and ſhame,
And ranſom'd our race,
And ſent thee to God to prepare us a place;

8 Follow after, it cries,
To your place in the ſkies,
By Immanuel led,
Follow after, and ſuffer, and reign with your head.

CXCVI.

1 BREAK forth into praiſe!
Our Surety and Head,
His members to raiſe,
Hath roſe from the dead:
The pow'r of his Spirit
Hath quicken'd our Lord,
That we by his merit
May all be reſtor'd.

2 Our Captain and King
With ſhouts we proclaim,
And joyfully ſing
The wonderful name;
The name all victorious
We publiſh, and feel,
Triumphantly glorious
O'er ſin, earth, and hell.

3 The pow'r of his riſe
We know and declare,
And, rapt to the ſkies,
His happineſs ſhare;
In heavenly places
With Jeſus we ſit,
And Jeſus's praiſes
With angels repeat.

4 We ſing of his love
While ſojourning here,
Till Chriſt from above
Our Saviour appear;
The heirs of ſalvation
With triumph receive,
In full conſummation
Of glory to live.

CXCVII.

1 CHRIST, our living Head, draw near,
At our call,
Quicken all
Thy true members here.

2 Fill'd with faith's eternal Spirit,
Grant that we,
Dead with thee,
May thy life inherit.

3 All thy reſurrection's pow'r,
All thy love,
From above,
On thy ſervants ſhow'r.

4 Perfect love! we long t' attain it,
Foll'wing fast,
If at last
We, ev'n we may gain it.

5 Partners of thy death and passion,
O that we
All might see
All thy great salvation.

6 Sav'd beyond the dread of falling,
Let us rise
To the prize
Of our glorious calling.

7 Children of the resurrection,
Lead us on
To the crown
Of our full perfection.

8 There, where thou art gone before us,
Christ, our hope,
Take us up,
To thy heav'n restore us.

CXCVIII.

Ascension-Day.

1 LIFT up your heads, ye gates,
T' admit your King again!
Return'd from earth, he waits
With half his angel-train:
Wide open throw the heav'nly scene,
Receive the King of glory in.

2 Inſtinct with living pow'rs,
The huge portcullis raiſe;
Ye everlaſting doors,
Diſcloſe the holieſt place:
Wide open throw the heav'nly ſcene,
Receive the King of glory in.

3 He comes, he comes from far,
The ſtrong and mighty Lord,
Mighty and ſtrong in war,
To claim his juſt reward:
Wide open throw, &c.

4 The Lord of hoſts is he,
Th' omnipotent I AM,
Glorious in majeſty,
Jehovah is his name:
Wide open throw, &c.

5 Jehovah, Jeſus, Lord
Of earth and heav'n, receive,
Who comes, that man reſtor'd
With God again may live:
Wide open throw, &c.

6 Forerunner of mankind,
For us he reigns on high,
Till all his members join'd
Repeat the joyful cry,
Wide open throw the heav'nly ſcene,
Receive the ſons of glory in.

CXCIX.

1 GOD is gone up on high
With a triumphant noiſe,
The clarions of the ſky
Proclaim th' angelic joys!
Join all on earth, rejoice and ſing,
Glory aſcribe to glory's King.

2 God in the fleſh below,
For us he reigns above:
Let all the nations know
Our Jeſu's conqu'ring love!
Join all on earth, &c.

3 All pow'r to our great Lord
Is by his Father giv'n;
By angel-hoſts ador'd,
He reigns ſupreme in heav'n:
Join all on earth, &c.

4 High on his holy ſeat,
He bears the righteous ſway,
His foes beneath his feet
Shall ſink and die away:
Join all on earth, &c.

5 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and ſin;
But he ſhall tread them down,
And bring his kingdom in:
Join all on earth, &c.

6 Till

6 Till all the earth, renew'd
In righteouſneſs divine,
With all the hoſts of God
In one great chorus join:
Join all on earth, rejoice, and ſing,
Glory aſcribe to glory's King.

CC.

1 JESUS, we long to know thy name,
To-day, as yeſterday the ſame
Our Lord and Saviour be,
That comfort of the troubled heart,
The gift unſpeakable impart,
That faith which is in thee.

2 Surely we do in God believe;
Yet O! we ſtill muſt fear and grieve
Till thou the ſecret tell,
The end of thy departure ſhew,
The heav'n-inſuring faith beſtow,
And all thy love reveal.

3 Us by thy Spirit certify,
That we, e'en we, ſhall in the ſky
Our happy manſions find,
There in thy Father's houſe above,
Celeſtial thrones of glorious love
For us, and all mankind.

4 Art thou not our forerunner gone
To claim the kingdom for thine own,
Thro' thee to all men giv'n:
To challenge and prepare a place
For us, and ev'ry child of grace
And write our names in heav'n?

5 Yes, thou art ſurely gone before;
We ſee thee, Lord, on earth no more,
And for thy abſence mourn;
But lo! we on thy word depend;
Our griefs and miſeries to end,
Thou wilt at laſt return.

6 Soon as thou haſt our place prepar'd,
And made us meet for our reward,
Thou wilt come back again;
Wilt to thyſelf our ſouls receive,
With thee eternally to live,
Eternally to reign.

CCI.

1 SInners, rejoice; your peace is made,
Your Saviour on the croſs hath bled,
Your God, in Jeſus reconcil'd,
On all his works again hath ſmil'd;
Hath grace thro' him and bleſſing giv'n
To all in earth and all in heav'n.

2 Angels, rejoice in Jeſu's grace,
And vie with man's more favour'd race,
The blood that did for us atone
Conferr'd on you ſome gift unknown,
Your joys thro' Jeſu's pains abound,
Ye triumph by his glorious wound.

3 Or ſtabliſh'd and confirm'd by him
Who did our lower world redeem,
Secure ye keep your bleſt eſtate
Firm on an everlaſting ſeat,
Or rais'd above yourſelves, aſpire,
In bliſs improv'd, in glory high'r.

4 Him ye beheld our conqu'ring God,
Return'd with garments roll'd in blood!
Ye ſaw, and kindled at the ſight,
And fill'd with ſhouts the realms of light,
With loudeſt Hallelujahs met,
And fell, and kiſs'd his bleeding feet.

5 Ye ſaw him in the courts above
With all his recent prints of love:
The wounds, the blood! ye heard its voice
That heighten'd all your higheſt joys;
Ye felt it ſprinkled thro' the ſkies,
And ſhar'd that better ſacrifice.

6 But who of all your hoſts can tell
The myſtic bliſs unſpeakable,
The joy that iſſu'd from his ſide,
And how the pure is purify'd,
The grace ſupreme by Jeſus giv'n,
When heav'n itſelf was double heav'n!

7 Nor angel-tongues can e'er expreſs
Th' unutterable happineſs,
Nor human hearts can e'er conceive
The bliſs wherein thro' Chriſt ye live,
But all your heav'n, ye glorious pow'rs,
And all your God is doubly ours!

CCII.

Whitſuntide.

1 JESUS, Lord, in pity hear us,
O return,
While we mourn,
By thy Spirit chear us.

2 Swallow'd up in ſin and ſadneſs,
O relieve
Us that grieve,
Turn our grief to gladneſs.

3 Send the Comforter to raiſe us,
Let us ſee
God in thee
Merciful and gracious.

4 Him the purchaſe of thy paſſion
O impart,
Cleanſe our heart
By his inſpiration.

5 By the earneſt of the Spirit
Let us know
Heav'n below,
Heav'n above inherit.

6 Perfect when we walk before thee,
Fill'd with love
Then remove
To our thrones of glory.

CCIII.

1
ETERNAL Spirit, come
Into thy meaneſt home,
From thine high and holy place
Where thou doſt in glory reign,
Stoop in condeſcending grace,
Stoop to the poor heart of man.

2
For thee our hearts we liſt
And wait the heav'nly gift:
Giver, Lord of life divine,
To our dying ſouls appear,
Grant the grace for which we pine,
Give thyſelf the Comforter.

3 No gift or comfort we
Would have diſtinct from thee,
Spirit, principle of grace,
Sum of our deſires thou art,
Fill us with thy holineſs,
Breathe thyſelf into our heart.

4 Our ruin'd ſouls repair,
And fix thy manſion there,
Claim us for thy conſtant ſhrine,
All thy glorious Self reveal,
Life, and pow'r, and love divine,
God in us for ever dwell.

CCIV.

1 SINNERS, lift up your hearts,
The promiſe to receive!
Jeſus himſelf imparts,
He comes in man to live;
The Holy Ghoſt to man is giv'n;
Rejoice in God ſent down from heav'n.

2 Jeſus is glorify'd,
And gives the Comforter,
His ſpirit to reſide
In all his members here:
The Holy Ghoſt, &c.

3 To make an end of ſin,
And ſatan's works deſtroy,
He brings his kingdom in,
Peace, righteouſneſs, and joy:
The Holy Ghoſt, &c.

4 The cleanſing blood t' apply,
The heav'nly life diſplay,
And wholly ſanctify,
And ſeal us to that day:
The Holy Ghoſt, &c.

5 Sent down to make us meet
To ſee his glorious face,
And grant to each a ſeat
In that thrice-happy place,
The Holy Ghoſt to man is giv'n;
Rejoice in God ſent down from heav'n.

6 From heav'n he ſhall once more
Triumphantly deſcend,
And all his ſaints reſtore
To joys that never end:
Then, then, when all our joys are giv'n,
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heav'n.

CCV.

1 JESU, we hang upon the word
Our faithful ſouls have heard from thee,
Be mindful of thy promiſe, Lord,
Thy promiſe made to all, and me,
Thy foll'wers who thy ſteps purſue,
And dare believe that God is true.

2 Thou ſaid'ſt, I will the Father pray,
And he the Paraclete ſhall give,
Shall give him in our hearts to ſtay,
And never more his temple leave;
Myſelf will to my orphans come,
And make you my eternal home.

3 Come then, dear Lord, thyſelf reveal,
And let the promiſe now take place,

Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word of grace,
Thy ſorrowful diſciples chear,
And ſend us down the Comforter.

4 He viſits now the troubled breaſt,
And oft relieves our ſad complaint,
But ſoon we loſe the tranſient Gueſt,
But ſoon we droop again, and faint;
Repeat the malancholy moan,
Our joy is fled, our comfort gone.

5 Haſten him, Lord, into our heart,
Our ſure inſeparable Guide;
O might we meet and never part,
O might he in our heart abide,
And keep his houſe of praiſe and pray'r,
And reſt, and reign for ever there!

CCVI.

1 SON of God, for thee we languiſh,
Still thy abſence we bemoan,
Overwhelm'd with grief and anguiſh,
Poor, forſaken, and alone:
Thou art to thy heav'n departed;
See us thence, with pity ſee,
Comfortleſs and broken-hearted,
Drooping, dead for want of thee.

2 Once thy bliſsful love we taſted,
Chear'd by thee with living bread;
O how ſhort a time it laſted,
O how ſoon the joy is fled!
Where is now our boaſted Saviour,
Where our rapture of delight!
Thou haſt, Lord, withdrawn thy favour,
Thou art vaniſh'd from our ſight.

3 Yet thou haſt the cauſe unfolded,
Could we but the truth receive,
Thou in humbling love haſt told it,
Needful 'tis for us to grieve:
Stript of that exceſſive pleaſure,
Fondly we the loſs deplore,
Till we find again our treaſure,
Find, and never loſe thee more.

4 That we may thyſelf inherit,
Us thou doſt awhile forſake,
That we may receive thy Spirit,
Thou haſt took his comforts back:
After a ſhort night of mourning
We again ſhall ſee thy face,
Triumph in thy full returning,
Glory in thy perfect grace.

For thy tranſient outward preſence
We thine endleſs love ſhall feel,
Seated in our inmoſt eſſence
Thou ſhalt by thy Spirit dwell:
Jeſus come! thyſelf the giver
Let us for the gift receive,
Let us live in God forever,
God in us forever live!

CCVII.

1 SPIRIT of faith, on thee we call,
The merits of our Lord apply,
Convince, and then convert us all,
Condemn, and freely juſtify,
Set forth the all-atoning Lamb,
And ſpread the pow'rs of Jeſu's name.

2 Jeſus the merciful and juſt
To ev'ry heart of man reveal,
In him enable us to truſt,
Forgiveneſs thro' his blood to feel,
Let all in him redemption find;
Sprinkle the blood on all mankind.

3 Is he not to his Father gone,
That we his righteouſneſs might ſhare!
And art thou not on earth ſent down,
The fruit of his prevailing pray'r,
The witneſs of his grace, and ſeal,
The heav'nly gift unſpeakable!

4 O might we each receive the grace
By thee to call the Saviour mine!
Come, Holy Ghoſt, to all our race,
Bring in the righteouſneſs divine,
Inſpire the ſenſe of ſin forgiv'n,
And give our earth a taſte of heav'n.

CCVIII.

For the Fruits of the Spirit.

1 JESUS, God of peace and love,
Send thy bleſſing from above,
Take and ſeal us for thine own,
Touch our hearts, and make them one.

2 By the ſenſe of ſin forgiv'n
Purge out all our former leav'n,
Malice, guile, and proud offence;
Take the ſtone of ſtumbling hence.

3 Root up ev'ry bitter root,
Multiply the Spirit's fruit,
Love, and joy, and quiet peace,
Meek, long-ſuff'ring gentleneſs.

4 Strict and gen'ral temperance,
Boundleſs, pure benevolence,
Cordial firm fidelity;
All the mind which was in thee.

SUPPLEMENT.

CCIX.

1 HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treaſure above!
Tongue cannot expreſs
Th' ſweet comfort and peace
Of a ſoul in its earlieſt love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I firſt found in the blood of the Lamb:
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy it receiv'd!
What a heaven in Jeſus his name!

3 Jeſus all th' day long
Was my joy and my ſong,
O that all his ſalvation may ſee!
He hath lov'd me, I cry'd,
He hath ſuffer'd and dy'd,
To redeem ſuch a rebel as me.

4 I rode on the ſky,
Freely juſtify'd, I,
Nor envied Elijah his ſeat:

My

My ſoul mounted high'r,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour poſſeſt,
I was perfectly bleſt,
As if fill'd with the fulneſs of God.

CCX.

Funeral Hymns.

1 MOURN not the dead, nor wail the man
Who dwells no more below:
Weep for yourſelves, and be in pain,
To ſee approaching woe.

2 O unconverted ſinners! ſee
The judgment haſtens on:
You to the bar ſhall ſummon'd be,
With him before you gone.

3 To you 'twill be a day of fire,
Gloomy, and diſmal too:
But ſhall fulfil thoſe ſouls deſire,
Who knew the Lamb below.

4 Of this bleſt number, God of love,
Ordain unworthy me:
And when I from the earth ſhall move,
I'll come, and dwell with thee.

CCXI.

CCXI.

1 WHILE others hopeleſs mourn their dead,
And wail, and weep, and make a noiſe,
Chearful let us lift up our head,
And in our Saviour's love rejoice:
'Tis true, we part to ſee our Friend no more,
Till we arrive on happy Canaan's ſhore.

2 Who can be ſorry (when we prove
What troubles here the ſaints paſs thro')
If Jeſus ſends for them above,
Where they no more ſhall ſorrow know?
We thank thee Lamb of God, with all our heart,
That thou haſt call'd thy child, and glad we part.

3 We know e'er long beſide thy throne,
In milky robes thy hoſt ſhall ſtand;
Bleſs'd with a palm, a ſhining crown,
Redeem'd from ev'ry diſtant land:
There we ſhall meet our brother's ſoul again,
And kings, and prieſts, to God forever reign.

4 We aſk no higher bliſs, but pray
Quickly get in thy choſen ſeed:
As ripen'd ſhocks of corn, convey
Thy family to join their head:
This do, dear Lamb, and in eternity
We'll join the perfect church to worſhip thee.

CCXII.

CCXII.

1 LET others weeping mourn their loſs,
When friends are call'd by death,
We ſing, for it behoveth us,
And all the heirs of faith.

2 Not without hope we ſtay behind,
'Tis therefore now we come
To bleſs our Lamb, who was ſo kind,
To call our brother home.

3 The earthly houſe his Spirit leaves,
And all created things:
An heav'nly houſe his ſoul receives,
Built by the King of kings.

4 Now is the duſt return'd to duſt,
The doom of ev'ry man:
Till Jeſus calls, Come home, ye juſt,
Then will he riſe again.

5 No more to part, we then ſhall meet,
Shall meet in endleſs bliſs;
And high receive our happy ſeat,
In perfect holineſs.

6 Come quickly, Lord! let ev'ry tomb
Deliver up its prey:
We long to ſee the Day-ſpring come,
And open endleſs day!

CCXIII.

1 WE ſing, dear Lamb of God, to thee,
Who daily gather'ſt home thine own:
Thou call'ſt them from their miſery,
And glad we ſay, "Thy will be done."

2 Thou giv'ſt our weary brother reſt,
In Abra'm's harbour he arrives,
He goes to be thine endleſs gueſt,
And now the promis'd crown receives.

3 Haſten, we pray thee, when the day
Of our eſpouſals ſhall begin:
We wait, and long to flee away,
And leave behind us ſelf, and ſin.

4 We wait to join the ſouls at reſt,
The church triumphant we would ſee:
Hear, O our Saviour, our requeſt,
And bring the year of jubilee.

CCXIV.

1 AH lovely appearance of death,
No ſight upon earth is ſo fair,
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare:
With ſolemn delight I ſurvey
The corpſe when the ſpirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in his ſtead.

2 How bleſt is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burthen his mind!
How eaſy the ſoul, that hath left
This weariſome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whoſe relics with envy I ſee,
No longer in miſery now,
No longer a ſinner like me.

3 This languiſhing head is at reſt,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet immoveable breaſt
Is heav'd by affliction no more;
This heart is no longer the ſeat
Of trouble and torturing pain,
It ceaſes to flutter and beat,
It never ſhall flutter again.

4 To mourn and to ſuffer is mine,
While, bound in a priſon, I breathe,
And ſtill for deliv'rance pine,
And preſs to the iſſues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become,
My ſpirit created anew,
My fleſh be conſign'd to the tomb.

CCXV.

1 AH! ſiſter in Jeſus adieu,
Thy warfare is happily o'er,
Thy ſpirit hath fought its way thro',
And pitch'd on the heavenly ſhore;
Thy courſe upon earth is all run,
The days of thy mourning are paſt,
The joys that above thou haſt won,
For ever and ever ſhall laſt.

2 O bleſſed eſtate of the dead,
The dead that have dy'd in the Lord,
From trouble and miſery freed,
And ſure of their endleſs reward;
By ſorrow no longer oppreſt,
When join'd to the ſpirits above,
With Jeſus in glory they reſt,
They reſt in the arms of his love.

3 O Jeſus, if this be thy will
That ſuddenly I ſhould depart,
Thy counſel of mercy reveal,
And whiſper the call to my heart,
O give me a ſignal to know,
If ſoon thou wouldſt have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

4 Thou know'ſt in the ſpirit of pray'r
I groan for a ſpeedy releaſe,
And long I have pin'd to be there,
Where ſorrow and miſery ceaſe;
Where all the temptation is paſt,
And loſs and affliction is o'er,
And anguiſh is ended at laſt,
And trouble and death are no more.

Gloria Patri.

CCXVI.

SHOUT to the great Jehovah's praiſe,
Ye ſons of glory and of grace,
One God in Perſons Three adore,
The ſame in majeſty and pow'r;
Ye ſuff'ring and triumphant hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

CCXVII.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join with the celeſtial hoſt
Who praiſe thee evermore!
Live by earth and heav'n ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

CCXVII

CCXVIII.

1 LIVE our great God on high
Eternally ador'd,
Who gave his Son to die,
Our dear redeeming Lord,
He from his throne and boſom gave,
A world, a ſinful world to ſave.

2 Worſhip, and praiſe, and pow'r,
Aſcribe we to the Lamb,
His bleeding wounds adore,
And kiſs his precious name,
Jeſus! the name to ſinners giv'n,
The name that liſts us up to heav'n.

3 That bleſſed Spirit praiſe
Who ſhews th' atoning blood,
Applies the Saviour's grace,
And ſeals the ſons of God;
Spirit of grace and glory too,
He claims eternal praiſe his due.

4 We with our friends above,
When time and death ſhall end,
In ecſtacies of love
An heav'nly life ſhall ſpend—
Spend in the great Jehovah's praiſe
An age of everlaſting days.

CCXIX.

CCXIX.

PRaiſe God from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him all creatures here below,
Praiſe him above, ye heav'nly hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

CCXX.

1 FAther, live, by all things fear'd:
Live, the Son, alike rever'd;
Equally be thou ador'd,
Holy Ghoſt, eternal Lord.

2 Three'in Perſons, one in pow'r,
Thee we worſhip evermore:
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Endleſs theme of earth and heav'n.

CCXXI.

TO God, who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
Our guilt and mis'ry to remove,
To that bleſt Spir't who life imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be endleſs glory, praiſe and love!

CCXXII.

1 FAther, Lord of earth and heaven,
Take the praiſe
Of thy grace
By thy creatures given.
Son of God, let all confeſs thee
One with him,
God ſurpreme,
Saints and angels bleſs thee.

2 Holy Ghoſt, let all before thee
Proſtrate fall,
Lord of all,
Very God adore thee.
Let us ſoon in heav'nly places,
One and Three,
Render thee
Everlaſting praiſes!

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

I.

Leaning on the Beloved.

1 JESU, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the ſwelling waters roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide!
Till the ſtorm of life is paſt,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my ſoul at laſt!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on thee,
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me;
All my truſt on thee is ſtay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Chriſt, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raiſe the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the ſick, and lead the blind;
Juſt and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteouſneſs;
Vile and full of ſin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin,
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Now, and to eternity.

II.

Panting after Jesus.

1 THOU Shepherd of Isr'el and mine,
Thou joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art.
The pasture, O! when shall I find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed on thy bosom reclin'd,
Are screen'd from the heat of the day?

2 Ah! shew me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an extasy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God.
Thy love for lost sinners declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree,
My spirit to Calvary bear
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
To rise to be hid in thy breast;

'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy ſide,
Eternally held in thy heart.

III.

Chriſt coming to judgment.

1 LO he comes, with clouds deſcending,
Once for helpleſs ſinners ſlain;
Thouſand, thouſands ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah, :‖: :‖:
Chriſt appears on earth to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful Majeſty,
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, :‖: :‖:
Shall be forc'd the Judge to ſee.

3 See the tokens of his paſſion
Still his heav'nly body bears,
Cauſe of endleſs exultation
To his ranſom'd worſhippers:
With what raptures, :‖: :‖:
When in glory he appears.

4 Yes: Amen, let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne:
Jeſus, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own;

Thou

Thou art worthy, :‖: :‖:
Worthy thou to wear the crown.

IV.

Desiring to praise worthily.

1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune our hearts to sing thy praise;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for loudest songs of praise.

2 Here we raise our Ebenezer,
Hither by thine help we come,
Trusting, Lord, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

3 Jesus sought us all when strangers,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He to rescue us from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

4 O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily, Lord, are we to thee!
Let that grace, like strongest fetters,
Bind our wand'ring hearts to thee.

5 Prone to wander, Lord, we feel them,
Prone to leave the God of love,
Here's our hearts, O take and seal them,
Seal them for thy courts above.

V.

V.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark deſpair
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one chearful beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpleſs Grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

3 Down from the ſhining ſeats above,
With joyful haſte he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this Love let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonoius human tongues
The Saviours' praiſes ſpeak!

5 Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told!

VI.

Chriſt delivered for our offences, raiſed again for our juſtification, Rom. iv. 25.

1 HE dies; the Friend of ſinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!
Come, Saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee!
Jeſus the dead revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his riſe!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

3 Break off your tears, ye Saints! and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how He ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem! and ſtrong to ſave;"
Then aſk the monſter—"Where's thy ſting?
"And where's thy victory, boaſting
"Grave!"

VII.

For perſons joined in fellowſhip.

1 TRY us, O God, and ſearch the ground
Of ev'ry ſinful heart;
Whate'er of ſin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we ſtray,
Leave us not comfortleſs,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlaſting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's croſs to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little ſtock improve,
Increaſe our faith, confirm our hope
And perfect us in love.

5 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive the ready bride;
Give us in heav'n a happy lot,
With all the ſanctified.

VIII.

An Act of Faith.

Habakkuk iii. 17. &c.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear ſhall in me no more take place!
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightneſs of his face:
But ſhall I therefore let Him go,
And baſely to the tempter yield?
No—in the ſtrength of Jeſus, no—
I never will give up my ſhield.

2 Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring Fig-tree droop and die,
The field elude the tiller's toil,
The empty ſtall no herd afford,
And periſh all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my ſalvation praiſe.

3 Barren altho' my ſoul remain,
And no one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But ſin and only ſin is here;
Altho' my gifts and comforts loſt,
My blooming hopes cut off I ſee,
Yet will I in my Saviour truſt,
And glory that he dy'd for me:

4 In hope believing againſt hope,
Jeſus, my Lord and God I claim,
Jeſus my ſtrength ſhall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jeſu's name:
To me he ſoon ſhall bring it nigh,
My ſoul ſhall then outſtrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and ſin behind.

IX.

Psalm cxlviii.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, y' immortal choir,
That fill the realms above:
Praiſe him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love:
Shine to his praiſe, ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil in ſhades your thouſand eyes,
Before your brighter God.

2 Thou reſtleſs globe of golden light,
Whoſe beams create our days,
Join with the ſilver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays:
Winds, ye ſhall bear his name aloud,
Thro' the etherial blue;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

3 Thunder and Hail, and Fire and Storms,
The Troops of his Command,
Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
And ſpeak his awful Hand:
Shout to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore.

4 Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow;
Sweet cluſters, bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough:
Thus while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals, take the ſound:
Echo the glories of your King,
Thro' all the nations round.

X.

Christ's Commiſſion.

1 RAISE your triumphant ſongs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds
Celeſtial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our wretched Race
From their abyſs of woes.

3 His Hand no Thunder bears,
No terror cloaths his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty ſouls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When Chriſt was ſent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now ſinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeleſs ſorrows ceaſe:
Bow to the ſcepter of his love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

6 Lord, we obey the call;
We lay an humble claim
To the ſalvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy name.

XI.

Te Deum, or Song of Praiſe.

DIALOGUE.

1 WE ſing to thee, thou Son of God,
Who ſav'd us by thy grace;
"We praiſe thee, Son of man, whoſe blood
"Redeem'd our fallen race."

2 We thee acknowledge God and Lord,
Father ere time began;
" Thou art by heav'n and earth ador'd,
" Worthy o'er both to reign."

3 To thee all angels cry aloud,
Thro' heav'n's extended coasts;
" Hail, holy, holy, holy God
" Of all immortal hosts!"

4 The cherubim and seraphim
Are always praising thee;
" The worlds and all the pow'rs therein
" Adore thy majesty."

5 The prophets goodly fellowship,
In milky garments drest,
" Praise thee, thou holy God, and reap
" The fulness of thy rest."

6 Th' apostles' glorious company
Thy righreous praise ploclaim;
" The martyr'd army glorify
" Thy everlasting name."

7 Thro' all the world thy churches join
T' acknowledge thee the head;
" Father of majesty divine,
" Who ev'ry power hast made."

8 Also thy true and only Son,
Thy Family confess;
" King of thy saints, to us made known,
" The Lord our righteousness."

9 Also

9 Alſo the Holy Ghoſt we praiſe,
The Spirit of the Lord:
" The Comforter, whoſe kindling ray
" Our dying ſouls reſtor'd."

XII.

Christ's Second Coming.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge ſevere;
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near!
The lightnings flaſh, the thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful ſoul,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
welcome to the faithful ſoul.

2 From heav'n, angelic voices ſound,
See the almighty Jeſus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face,
Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory decks the
Saviour's face.

3 Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord,
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail
him, their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout

4 Shout all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the Moſt High;
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever, and for ever reigns.

5 The Father bleſs, the Son adore,
The Spirit praiſe for evermore;
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome Thee, Great Three in One.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome Thee, Great Three in One.

XIII.

The Efficacy of the precious Blood of Jeſus.

1 IS there a thing that moves and breaks,
A heart as hard as ſtone,
Or warms a heart as cold as ice?
'Tis Jeſu's Blood alone:
One drop of this can truly chear,
And heal the wounded ſoul;
What multitudes of broken hearts
This living ſtream makes whole!

2 Hark! O my ſoul! what ſing the choirs
Around the glorious throne!
Hark, the *ſlain Lamb* for evermore
Sounds in the ſweeteſt tone:

The

The elders there caſt down their crowns,
And all, both night and day,
Sing praiſe to him who ſhed his blood,
And waſh'd their guilt away.

3 And thus while here, will we proclaim,
Chearful in our degree,
That thro' the blood of God's dear Lamb,
Sinners may pardon'd be;
But thou, O Lord! make ev'ry day,
Thy grace to us more ſweet,
'Till we behold thy wounded ſide,
And worſhip at thy feet.

XIV.

A Sinner's Prayer.

1 GOD of my ſalvation, hear,
And help me to believe:
Simply would I now draw near,
Thy bleſſings to receive:
Full of guilt, alas, I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

2 Standing now as newly ſlain,
To thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh:

Now

Now, as yeſterday the ſame,
Thou art and will for ever be,
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure,
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, thou know'ſt, am poor,
Duſt and Aſhes is my name,
My All is ſin and miſery:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

4 Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy;
From myſelf I turn my eyes,
The chief of ſinners I.
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me loſe myſelf in thee,
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

XV.

Come and welcome to JESUS CHRIST.

1 COME, ye ſinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore,
Jeſus ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity, join'd with pow'r.
He is able, he is able, he is able:
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Ho!

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh.
Without money, without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger:
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is, to feel your need of Him:
This he gives you, this he gives you, this he gives you:
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangl'd by the fall;
If you tarry, till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous, not the righteous, not the righteous;
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him grov'ling in the garden:
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies.
On the bloody tree behold him:
Hear him cry, before he dies;
It is finish'd, it is finish'd, it is finish'd;
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God, aſcended,
Pleads the merit of his blood.
Venture on him, venture wholly:
Let no other truſt intrude.
None but Jeſus, none but Jeſus, none but Jeſus,
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb:
While the bliſsful ſeats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Sinners here may ſing the ſame.

XVI.

Doubts ſcattered.

1 HENCE from my ſoul, ſad thoughts be gone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue ſhall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noiſe.

2 Darkneſs and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
Till ſov'reign grace, with ſhining rays,
Diſpell'd my gloomy fears.

3 Oh!

3 Oh! what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine!

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One Glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
Revives my joys again.

XVII.

Ascribing to God the Praise of our Salvation.

1 HOW empty was our former boast,
Our foolishness of pride,
When in ourselves we put our trust,
And on our works rely'd!

2 Strong in the freedom of our will,
Firm in our nature's pow'rs,
We thought to gain the heav'nly hill,
And seize the crown as ours.

3 Our good desires, our hearts sincere,
Our best endeavours stood,
T' atone for our transgression here,
In place of Jesu's blood.

4 Alas for us! we knew not then
His blood and righteousness,
Thro' which alone the sons of men
Are sav'd by richest grace.

5 But now, O gracious God, thy love
Hath taught us better things;
Our all is giv'n us from above,
From thee ſalvation ſprings.

6 Freely thy love delights to ſave,
And ranſoms without price,
But only that which Jeſus gave,
Our bleeding ſacrifice.

7 We own the ſole procuring cauſe,
That precious blood divine;
And ſince our Jeſus dy'd for us,
May we live ever thine!

XVIII.

A whole Heart for Chriſt.

1 LORD make me faithful to my call,
In heart ſtill truly give up all,
Myſelf to thee reſign:
When dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
Never thy will decline.

2 My feet with holy oil anoint,
The deſtin'd path, thou doſt appoint,
Gladly I then ſhall tread;
Bedew me with a genial ſhow'r,
Into my heart thy influence pour,
With living manna fed.

3 A ſingle eye, a faithful heart,
My Jeſus, to thy Child impart,
In ev'ry trying hour:
Reas'nings tormenting thoughts prevent,
Still keep my eye on thee intent,
Till ſight my faith o'erpow'r.

XIX.

I am the God of Abraham.

1 THE God of Abrah'm praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlaſting days,
And God of love;
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heav'n confeſt;
I bow and bleſs the ſacred name,
For ever bleſs'd.

2 The God of Abrah'm praiſe,
At whoſe ſupreme command
From earth I riſe—and ſeek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forſake,
Its wiſdom, fame and power;
And him my only portion make
My ſhield and tower.

3 The God of Abrah'm praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace

Shall

Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Thro' Jesu's blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on eagle's wings up borne
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

XX.

Faith triumphant.

1 I'M a sinner weak and wretched,
Poor, polluted, sore oppress,
Mourning, Lord, for thy long absence,
Come and consecrate my breast;
Come, Lord Jesus, &c.
Come, in me delight to rest.

2 Lord, I long to see thy glory,
To behold thee face to face,
Long to join with all thy ransom'd,
There to sing redeeming grace.
Thou art worthy, &c.
Worthy thou to have the praise.

3 I ſhall mingle with thoſe ſpirits,
Tho' diſtreſſed now by ſin;
God will cleanſe his favour'd Jacob,
He will waſh and make them clean;
He will cleanſe us, &c.
We with Chriſt ſhall be ſhut in.

4 Come, Lord Jeſus, do not tarry,
Quickly come and take me home,
Then I'll ſing loud hallelujahs
To the holy Three in One.
Hallelujah, &c.
Come, Lord Jeſus, quickly come.

XXI.

Gloria Patri.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
Whoſe love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows meaſure nor end.
'Tis Jeſus the firſt and the laſt,
Whoſe Spirit ſhall guide us ſafe home,
We'll praiſe him for all that is paſt,
And truſt him for all that's to come.

XXII.

Diſmiſſion.

1 DISMISS us with thy bleſſing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word:
All that has been amiſs forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho'

2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

XXIII.

The same.

1 SAlvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears!

2 Salvation! let the echo fly.
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever.
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praise the Lord.

FINIS.

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